







THE OLD CHIEF'S HEART WAS CONQUERED AS NEVER BEFORE

LITTLE BETTY BLEW

HER STRANGE EXPERIENCES AND
ADVENTURES

IN INDIAN LAND

BY

ANNIE M. BARNES

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK T. MERRILL

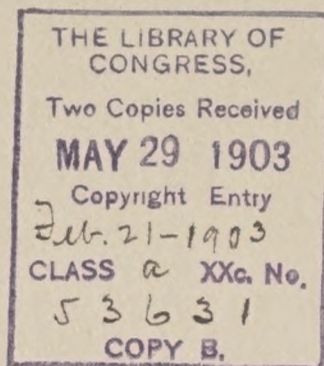


BOSTON

LEE AND SHEPARD

1903

PZ1
B26Li



COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY LEE AND SHEPARD.

Published, August, 1903.

All Rights Reserved.

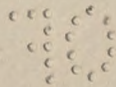
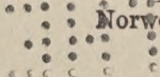
LITTLE BETTY BLEW.

85-

03-13622

Norwood Press

J. S. Cushing & Co. — Berwick & Smith
Norwood Mass. U. S. A.



With Love

TO

MY LOUIE

A LITTLE GIRL OF NOT SO VERY
VERY LONG AGO

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

	PAGE
ON THE GREAT SEA	1

CHAPTER II

IN CHARLES TOWN	18
---------------------------	----

CHAPTER III

CHI-CO-LA	35
---------------------	----

CHAPTER IV

THE JOURNEY UP THE RIVER	52
------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER V

MISTRESS BETTY DINES IN STATE	65
---	----

CHAPTER VI

DOM-BE-DI-E-TY AND THE BABY	82
---------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER VII

	PAGE
SIR THOMAS	101

CHAPTER VIII

BETTY'S LETTER	113
--------------------------	-----

CHAPTER IX

WINKS PLAYS BEGGAR AND HERO	125
---------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER X

DEAR MAID BETTY	145
---------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XI

A TREACHEROUS CRAFT	157
-------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XII

A NEW ACQUAINTANCE	174
------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XIII

A SEARCH IN VAIN	191
----------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XIV

TON-KE-A-BAU AT LAST!	204
---------------------------------	-----

CONTENTS

vii

CHAPTER XV

	PAGE
INNOCENT FOR GUILTY	221

CHAPTER XVI

RESCUE	236
------------------	-----

CHAPTER XVII

THE ATTACK	255
CONCLUSION	277

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
The old chief's heart was conquered as never before <i>Frontispiece</i>	72
On sped Betty, and faster and faster came Dom-be-di-e-ty	93
"Where did you learn to speak such good English?" asked Mr. Blew	180
Raising his harpoon, Pan-tau-tle stepped away from Betty	235

LITTLE BETTY BLEW

CHAPTER I

ON THE GREAT SEA

YES, they were all going to a new, strange country far down the great waters, called the Atlantic Ocean,—father, mother, Aunt Joan, Charles, Caroline, Daniel (otherwise Dinks), and Betty (sometimes called Elizabeth) with whom this story has most to do. There were, too, Simon Dale and Miranda Welch, whom I came very near forgetting, and Winks, who could not by any means be forgotten, as I am sure you will agree when you have become acquainted with him. For Winks was the dog, who dressed entirely in black, as the parson did, week days

as well as Sundays, with only a small spot of white shirt front showing, one white stockinged foot, as though he had lost a shoe from that one, big brown eyes that told their love when you told yours, and ears always asking questions.

Father said at first that Winks could not go. There was really no way of carrying him. Only difficulties presented themselves when the matter was discussed. But the children made such lamentable outcry at even the suggestion of leaving Winks behind, that Mr. Blew was finally driven to say that he would find some way to have Winks shipped as passenger on the good ship that was to carry them to their new home, if he had to bribe the captain. Even Aunt Joan, who really did not care so much for dogs, was on the side of the children and Winks.

“It would never do to leave the dog behind,” she declared. “The children would

grieve for Winks, and Winks would grieve for the children, and such grief is not to be thought of for a moment if it can be prevented."

This was the sweetest thing about Aunt Joan. She never wanted any heart to be made sad if it could be helped, especially the hearts of little ones.

"Let us give them all the sunshine we can," she would say. "The clouds will come quickly enough."

The captain did not have to be bribed. He, too, had a heart like Aunt Joan's, — a big, warm heart, that was always seeking to give pleasure to others. He told Mr. Blew that Winks might come aboard; that there was a safe, snug corner in the hold that he could call all his own, and that the children might have him occasionally on the deck, if the other passengers did not object. At any rate, he, Captain Gabriel, would see to it that Winks was regularly fed with all the

scraps the children saved for him, and that he was provided, too, with water.

It would be impossible to say which was the happier, Winks or the children, when this arrangement was made clear. Winks wagged his tail and the children wagged their tongues, all in a spasm of delight. Of course, Winks understood every word Mr. Blew said. He even comprehended so well that he never failed to give a bark of appreciation every time the name of Captain Gabriel was mentioned.

“Oh, Winky,” cried Betty, squeezing him hard, “you must not forget, but be a good dog and stay in your corner; for if you wander away from it, you may get smashed to death or fall overboard, and oh! what should we do then? I’d never want to see that old Atlantic again.”

Here Betty began to sob, but Winks licked her on the cheek, and said, in that dog language which he had learned to bark

out when a puppy, that he was well aware of all that was expected of him, and would show how obedient a faithful little dog could be, who had both love and gratitude in his heart.

Charles, who was nearly four times the age of Winks, that is, eleven years and a half, and not nearly so wise in many things, was filled with wild delight at the thought of going to that strange, new land, where, he had heard, wolves and tigers and lions and bears were to be seen every day.

“I’m going to catch a bear’s cub and tame it,” he declared privately to Betty. “Then I can teach it to perform; and oh, yes, Winks can learn to ride it, and such a fine thing as it will be. Isn’t that so, Winks?”

But Winks only parted his lips in a good-natured smile. He was quite too wise to express an opinion.

“Hum,” said Betty. “Humdum! Oh,

Master Braggart, I just know you'll run from the first wolf or bear you see; I don't care if it is only a *teenchy, tiny* one, no bigger'n so," and she measured off the space of her hand.

Charles asked a question of Betty suddenly. Perhaps he did it because he felt some embarrassment at this time, and didn't want to show it.

"Oh, Betsey, what do you want to see most in that far-away, strange land to which we are going?"

Betty thought a moment. It was always her way to get the idea well fixed in her mind before she spoke it.

"I think, yes, I am very sure, I want most to see the Indians."

"Oh, Betty Blew, they will eat you up, surely. Our father says they are quite wild and savage, and that they will kill the white people every time they get the chance. Oh, it must be dreadful!"

"No worse than the lions and tigers and wolves that you said you wanted to see."

"But I meant only *little bitsey* wolves and tigers, baby ones."

"And maybe I meant little Indians, too," said Betty, a sly look in her eyes. "Anyhow, I know there are little ones, and they are not savage, and *they* don't try to kill people. Oh, I'm completely aching to see them; and, yes, I'm going right off to hunt them so soon as I get there."

"Why, Elizabeth, you wouldn't *dare* do such a thing as that. They'd kill you, sure. Father says one of the first things we'll have to do when we reach our new home will be to build a fort. And the houses will have to be made strong, too, for the Indians are very bad there."

"But they won't kill *me*," persisted Betty, stoutly. "I'll let them know how

much I think of them and how far I have come to see them."

"And they'll take your scalp and divide it and hang it to their belts. They'll whoop and whoop when they see that nice long hair of yours."

"Oh, the big Indians might; but I am not going to hunt the big Indians. It is the baby Indians I want to see. Only think, I've never seen a baby Indian. I've seen the big ones here many times; but it's the baby ones my eyes want most to look on. Oh, how beautiful they must be with the feathers in their hair and beads all over them! Oh, Charles Blew," her voice rising with excitement, "I never stole a thing in my life, you know I never did! But I believe, yes, I do *truly believe*, I would steal an Indian baby if I could get to one."

"Me! My!" said Charles, "such taste as you have, Elizabeth Blew. I would

never have thought it of you if you had not told it on yourself."

He was plainly disgusted, and showed it not only by words and looks, but by movements. He made many little grimaces, then he turned away and left Betty to contemplate alone the delightful picture of Indian babies in feathers, paint, and shining beads, their gleaming little faces smiling a welcome to her from that far-off land to which she was so soon to go.

The idea of an Indian baby doing any harm to *her*! Charles was foolish to think of it. And the fathers and mothers of the Indian babies would be so pleased and proud that she took the trouble to hunt for them, that they would give her a great welcome, instead of seeking to hurt her. Oh, yes, she was quite sure of it.

While the minds of the younger members of the family were thus filled with

pleasure and excitement as they thought of that new, strange land to which they were going, and talked over the journey they were so soon to make, to the older ones these matters were grave indeed. For not only were they about to break the ties that had bound them for years, to leave their friends and homes, but they were going into a wild and inhospitable country, one about which they knew little. But this portion of the Carolina colony had been represented to them as very fertile and attractive. There were great forests of magnificent pines from which not only dwellings and structures for defence could be erected, but they also produced tar, pitch, turpentine, and barrel staves, a source of much profit at that time.

The forests also abounded in wild animals that could be hunted and trapped. Already the trade in skins and furs,

especially with the mother country (England), had become a considerable one. But a far higher motive carried the larger number of these pilgrims, who, on that bleak winter day, December 5, 1695, set sail in two small vessels from Dorchester in Massachusetts, on Boston Bay, to what afterward was known as Dorchester, on the Ashley River, in South Carolina.

The most of those composing this hardy band of pioneers were ardent church members, belonging to the Congregational church. They looked forward with the eyes of true missionaries upon this spot in the wild country inhabited by savage men, and they longed to tell them the tidings of great joy. With them came their minister, the Rev. Joseph Lord, and every day that they were on the voyage he was talking not only about the church that would be one of the first buildings

erected in the new settlement, but also about what could be done for the souls of the savage men and women. How earnestly indeed he talked about this!

It was a delight to Betty to creep near when the minister was talking. He not only said things that it interested her to hear, but he was by no means a stern man. He loved children, and would now and then address a remark to Betty, and more than now and then he gave her a smile. If ministers only knew how it pleased the little ones to have such notice, I think, nay, I am sure, they would bestow it oftener.

“The minister is talking about having the Indians come to the church services,” said Betty to Charles. “Oh, I do hope they will bring the babies with them.”

“For you to steal, good Mistress Elizabeth?” asked Charles, teasingly.

“No,” said Betty, soberly; “I should

not have to steal one then. If they would bring them where I could see them and have them to hold myself, that would make me satisfied."

They were no more than halfway to the Carolina coast when a terrible storm broke over the vessels. Not being large vessels they were tossed about on the great ocean as though they were children's toys. The great waves came rolling over the decks, and it seemed as though the ships would surely be beaten to pieces by the fierce winds. On the ship where the Blews were, men and women prayed all the time, and Captain Gabriel, though he tried to keep up a brave heart, looked very grave indeed.

Betty and Charles were much frightened, as were all the children on board. Daniel clung to his mother's neck through it all, and no one could take him away. He knew the safest port in the time of storm. The children thought many times of poor

Winks down in the hold, and wondered if he would not just die of the fright. But Winks was a braver dog than they thought.

When it was all over, when the great waves had rolled back, and the angry winds had died out, and the sun was shining again, then the children begged Captain Gabriel to let them have their pet for a while. Like the kind-hearted man he was, he consented. How rejoiced Winks was to be with his friends again after all the trying experiences through which he had passed!

“He looks glad,” said Betty, “and he looks solemn, too—just as if he wanted to hold a prayer meeting.”

Perhaps Winks did. Had he done so, it assuredly would have been one for the purpose of returning thanks—an act many two-footed Winkses forget to perform.

But these good pilgrims were not of

this sort. Being grateful as well as devout, and the next day after that on which the storm subsided falling on Friday, it was set apart as one of fasting and prayer. The services lasted throughout the day. Psalms were read, hymns sung, and one and another rendered fervent thanks to God who had so wondrously and graciously preserved them—all of which is faithfully recorded in the diary of Elder William Pratt.

The storm continued to be for some time the subject of much conversation on the part of the young Blews.

“Wasn’t it dreadful?” said Betty. “I thought every minute the ship was going to pieces. I could see that father and mother, and even Captain Gabriel, thought so too.”

“I was wishing me,” declared Charles, “that if we did have to be shipwrecked, the Lord would send a whale along so

we could get inside of him as Jonah did. It would be so much nicer to be in a whale's stomach than to be going down, down all by yourself into the waves."

"But suppose the whale forgot to let you come out again?" asked Betty, aghast; "and when he did it wasn't on land? You'd go down, down into the waves anyhow, and what would become of you *then*, I'd like to know?"

Charles hadn't an answer for this question, and as, boylike, he didn't want to show Betty that she had perplexed him, he made an adroit movement to turn the conversation, and succeeded.

Fourteen days after they had set sail they came in sight of the only settlement of any consequence in the entire colony of the Carolinas, Charles Town, which was afterward to become the greatest city of the South Atlantic coasts.

It was not so that they could get in

that day; but the next the pilot came to conduct them across the bar, and into the harbor, which they found a beautiful, landlocked one.

The good vessel *Friendship*, on which were the young Blews, fired a salute of three guns as it approached the town. This salute was immediately responded to by one of nine guns from the fortifications, which Elder Pratt tells us was an honor "more than the usual." This was but the beginning of the royal greeting which they received. Their coming had been widely heralded. Many citizens thronged the quay to receive them; warm words of welcome were spoken, and homes thrown open to them.

CHAPTER II

IN CHARLES TOWN

ALL along the way from the old home to the new, they had been looking out for pirates. The fear of them had never left the captains of the two vessels, for well they knew the danger. The coasts were infested with them. Especially was this true of the Carolina coasts, their principal haunts. There were numerous inlets all the way from the Cape Fear to the Savannah, then called by the Spaniards the Jordan River. The entrances to many of these inlets were intricate and known only to these pirates. Into them they could flee for safety when pursued.

There was much talk on both the ships of Henry Morgan, the boldest of the buccaneers, who had been knighted by Charles II

and made lieutenant-governor of Jamaica, and all this despite the fact that the king knew of his wicked deeds.

“Such a shame as it was,” declared Mr. Blew, “for the king to have made a knight and a governor of the bold, bad pirate. It was plainly giving a reward to vice.”

“I think the king himself profited by the vice,” declared Captain Gabriel; “hence the reward. He was known to have reaped rich harvests from the captured stores of the pirate chief who was able, it was said, to show papers of sanction from the king to sail anywhere in English waters unmolested, and to do pretty much as he pleased in every way.”

Another pirate about whom they talked was Captain Kidd. It seemed he was just beginning his bad deeds. There were men aboard who knew him, and they could hardly believe the stories they heard. He had been sent out to suppress piracy, and

now it seemed he had become a pirate himself. "Too bad! too bad!" What would not men do when the greed for gold seized them?

The children were close listeners to all that was said about the pirates. Some of it they understood, and some they did not. But one thing was very clear: all on board were filled with a fear of the pirate ships, the dread of meeting one or more of them on the way. Even Captain Gabriel, big and brave as he was, had an anxious face when the matter of the pirates was discussed. He was known, too, to keep a sharp lookout for them all the time, and the men who helped him with the ship were instructed to be ready at any moment with their weapons of defence.

"I think it would be great fun," declared Charles, "if we could see a pirate vessel, only I wouldn't want the pirates to come close enough to capture us."

“If they came near enough for us to see them, then I fear they’d be near enough to get us,” said Betty, wisely; “and they would get us, too,” added she, with conviction; and her big gray eyes flew wider open than ever at the thought of how dreadful this would be.

“Yes, they would get us,” repeated Betty. “I know it, ’cause this isn’t a big vessel, and there aren’t so many men aboard, and our guns are very small. I have heard both father and Captain Gabriel say all this, so I know.

“I want to see a pirate, too,” she admitted with candor; “but, oh, I don’t want them to come near enough to capture us, ’cause I’ve heard they kill folks whenever they want to. Oh, I wish I could see a pirate; but I should want it to be like when I saw the bear Simon caught — the one that was hard and fast in the big log trap.”

“Oh, Elizabeth,” cried Charles, suddenly,

“what would *you* do now if a pirate really caught you?”

Betty shut her eyes tight for a moment; even the suggestion was too dreadful to take in with eyes open. It made her shudder, for the very moment Charles spoke it seemed as though a big pirate had popped up right before her. A pirate with big black whiskers and red paint all over his face (I am not sure but that Betty was getting pirates mixed up with Indians), with great fierce eyes, and with pistols and knives stuck in his belt and his boots.

As the terrible picture faded away, she opened her eyes.

“I’m not sure what I would do,” she said, in answer to Charles; “but I think — yes, I’m *certain*, that I should shut my eyes just as I did then, and —”

“Scream,” finished Charles.

“No,” said Betty, positively, “I never did scream — that is, real loud — at any-

thing, and you know that, Charles. Yes, I would shut my eyes, and then I would draw my breath in real hard. After a moment I would open my eyes again and —”

“Well?” asked Charles.

“And then I would say, ‘Oh, please, Master Pirate Man, you can’t be wanting to hurt a little girl like me?’ And I know he would let me go, because Aunt Joan says it pays to be polite to anybody.”

But Betty did not have the opportunity to test on pirates the strength of Aunt Joan’s rule, for they came at last in sight of the good city of Charles Town without having seen a single pirate ship by the way, a matter that caused every one, old enough to realize what it meant, to render a devout thanksgiving to Him who had preserved them.

But the good ship had but little more than dropped anchor when they heard that

the captain and crew of a pirate ship had been captured by the citizens only a week or two before. The captain with six of the most guilty of the company had been hung in chains on an island near the entrance of the port as a warning to others. Their bodies were there now, bleaching in the sun. How thankful Betty was that it had been dusk when they had passed this island, and they had thus been saved the shocking sight.

What a smart, fine city was this to which they had come! Betty could scarcely believe her eyes. She had thought they were going to a strange, wild country, where everything had a rough and savage appearance. She had even expected to see Indians, dressed in feathers and paint and moccasins, crowd about the ship as soon as it anchored. And she was not sure but that after they had landed, they should

be afraid to sleep at night with the howling of the wild beasts all around them. But my! my! what a scene was that on which her eyes looked the next morning, when the sun came up bright and beautiful, falling upon the tiled roofs of the dwellings, and glistening upon the belfry of the English church. Here was a fine city of full five thousand souls, with many neat, strong buildings of wood and others of brick.

It stood on a peninsula between the two rivers, the Ashley and the Cooper, named for a lord proprietor, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Sir Ashley Cooper, and faced the bay formed by their junction. Several miles out rolled the broad Atlantic adown which the voyagers had come.

“Oh,” cried Betty, clapping her hands, “isn’t it a fine place? and aren’t you glad, Charles, we are to stay here several days? Father says that after to-day and to-night

we may go ashore, and he is to get rooms for us at the inn."

"The first thing I am going to see," declared Charles, "is the parade ground, where father says the militia drills every day or so. I think I'll ask them to let me beat the drum," and he threw his head back and strutted about as though he already had its strap around his neck.

"You'll drop it and run the first time it sounds out loud," asserted Betty.

I am very sorry to record that she hadn't much of an opinion of Charles's bravery. Perhaps she had cause. But we shall find out about that.

"I'll show you," returned Charles, and he was indignant enough to glare at Betty.

Even Caroline was delighted at sight of the city. She had wanted to do a little extra shopping before the ship set sail, and had been regretting all the way

that no opportunity of going to Boston had presented itself.

“Perhaps I can get some, at least, of the things I want here.”

“Some?” her father repeated, a smile wreathing his lips. “Why, my daughter, ships come here every day from England, bringing the best of everything to be had there. It won’t take you long to find out that even Boston can’t show the luxurious living that is found here. Some of the Carolinians live in a style only equalled by the lords and ladies of the mother land.”

“Why, father, I thought it but a rough and savage country, and that Charles Town would be but a poor little city, principally of log huts, mud-daubed. Where can there be any hardships and privations in a life here?”

“You will find them soon enough,” her father answered, and sadly now. “The

wild, savage country will ere long be revealed. Charles Town is all there is, or very nearly all, of civilization in Carolina."

A wall of strong fortifications enclosed the city. There were six formidable bastions. Three of them were on the Cooper River side, commanding the approach from the sea. Near one of these the stanch ships that had brought the voyagers from the old home at Dorchester to the new had dropped anchor. These fortifications had not long been built, and the newcomers learned that the citizens were in daily expectation of an attack by the Spaniards. Some of their ships had already been seen outside.

"Oh, wouldn't it be a jolly thing if they came while we were here!" said Charles. "I should like so to see a big fight."

And every day after that during the

time they were in Charles Town he kept a sharp lookout for the Spaniards, and pretended to be very brave about their coming; but Betty was quite sure he would be one of the first to run and hide, doubtless with his head on his mother's shoulder, did the big ships appear.

They found the streets laid out regularly and moderately wide. A historian who has described them says they were "capaciously wide." I suppose they were for that day.

There was a Town House — we should call it a City Hall now — and two or three other public buildings which seemed quite imposing then. Down on the Bay stood a dozen or more of fine residences, one of them belonging to Mr. Landgrave Smith, who had his own private wharf and drawbridge. He it was who was afterward to be credited with the intro-

duction of rice into the colony, but to whom this honor did not belong, as we shall see in time, despite those two worthy historians, Dr. Ramsay and Mr. Hewatt, who sometimes went to sleep while they were writing.

Near by Mr. Landgrave Smith's house was that of Mr. Rhett, who not long after this was to win such distinction as commander of the fleet that routed the French ships under Le Feboure when he sought to attack and capture Charles Town. He was also to be known as the man who cleared the Carolina coast of the worst of its pirates. Mr. Boone, Mr. Logan, and Mr. Schenkingh also had fine, smart houses for that day. All of these were built of brick brought over from England, but the great timbers that held everything together were cut from the Carolina forests.

There was, too, a public library, and

they were talking about the establishment of a free school. Not far from the busiest part of the city stood the little French meeting-house, built by those sturdy immigrants, the Huguenots, who fifteen years before had come over in the good ship *Richmond*. The building that stands to-day on that same spot is known as the only Huguenot church in America. West of that was the Independent church, Presbyterian, or white meeting-house, as it was called then. But most imposing of all was St. Philip's, the English church, on the site of the present far-famed St. Michael's. It was of black cypress on a brick foundation, and was very stately and handsome.

What fine walks Betty and Charles had about the streets with their father! and once they were taken for a ride along the beautiful public roadway leading out of the city to the north, called Broadway.

On each side of it were lovely stretches of woods, where many of the trees were still green, though it was December, and where the birds hopped about and sang all day long. Underneath were stretches of soft, velvety moss from which clusters of tiny wild flowers were already beginning to peep.

But most of all they enjoyed going to the wharves where ships of all sorts and sizes would be lying, loading and unloading. For this Carolina colony had a great trade both with the West Indies and England, the mother country. One morning they saw over twenty vessels riding at anchor.

Oh, it was a great city then, as it is many times a greater now, after the lapse of more than two hundred years, this chief city of the South Atlantic, known now to, and loved by Carolinians as Charleston.

While the larger number of our pilgrims remained in Charles Town, others set off, in small bands, on journeys to the interior for the purpose of selecting a favorable site for the new Dorchester. The routes chosen were principally along the two rivers, as it had already been decided that the settlement would be upon one or the other.

Elder Pratt and Master Increase Sumner sought the plantation of Mr. Norman, desiring his counsel. He was known to have great experience in, and much wisdom concerning, the Carolina lands.

Rev. Joseph Lord and companions directed their way to the Landgrave Morton's, while another small band made visit to no less a personage than Governor Blake himself. At each place they were warmly received, hospitably entertained, and given earnest invitation to settle.

Various favorable sites for the planting of the colony were both recommended and shown to them. Finally they agreed upon one directly along the Ashley, twenty miles by public trail from Charles Town.

CHAPTER III

CHI-CO-LA

“ELIZABETH,” said Mr. Blew, “as we leave Charles Town the day after to-morrow, if there is anything you want particularly to see that you haven’t seen already, you must do so to-day. To-morrow I have business with Captain John Godfrey and Mr. Grimball.”

“Oh, father,” cried Betty, “I must see the Indians.”

“I thought you had done this, Betty. We’ve passed them on the street from time to time.”

“But I haven’t seen enough of them. I want to go to the market square, where they bring in their things to sell. And, oh, father, I do want to see an Indian baby more than anything else.”

“An Indian baby? Why, have not you seen that already? There were Indian babies at Dorchester.”

“Yes, sir, I know that; but somehow I never did see one, except the little papoose that had on clothes not much different from Dinks’s own. I want to see an Indian baby in Indian clothes, and oh, I do so want to hold it in my arms and have it for my very own just for a *teenchy* while. Father,—”

“I’m listening, Mistress Elizabeth.”

“What do you suppose an Indian baby looks like?”

“Why, like an Indian baby, of course.”

“Oh, you know what I mean. What does an Indian baby look like in Indian clothes, with feathers in its hair and beads shining all over it?”

“Well, dear, if it had a tuft of feathers in its hair and was wrapped in its blanket with only its little round face and blink-

ing eyes showing, it would look like an owl. But if it lay in the sun, with the beads all ashine, then I should say it would look like a little lizard, especially if it tried to crawl."

"Oh, that is horrid of you, father. You know an Indian baby doesn't look like either an owl or a lizard. But never mind, I'll see for myself."

"Yes, Mistress Elizabeth, I think you will. In this country, where there are Indians thick as crows in the springtime, it won't be long till you see all the Indian babies you want to see. But run and find Caroline and Charles and your little friends, Emily and Henry Roddey. We will go to the market square where the Indians bring their baskets, skins, and pottery for sale. They are sure to be there now, yes, crowds of them. I can safely promise you that you will see not only one, but many Indian babies."

Betty ran away in high glee to seek the others. She found Charles and the little Roddeys delighted at the prospect before them. But Caroline had met some friends from Boston and was going to spend the day with them. Besides, Caroline really thought she was quite too big now to go on such childish excursions. She would rather sit all day and work samplers with the Misses Taft and hear their interesting talk about the parties they had attended and the attentions paid them by the numerous young gentlemen of their acquaintance. It really was quite grown-up like.

Meanwhile, Mr. Blew, in company with Betty, Charles, and Emily and Henry Roddey, set off for the market-place.

It was one of the pleasures of this good father to give his children all the happiness he could. He remembered his own cheerless childhood and determined theirs should not be such. And because

he wanted them to be sunny of face and cheerful of temperament, he kept his own face bright, though sometimes his heart would be aching as it was now.

For Charles Town brought sad recollections to Mr. and Mrs. Blew. This was not the first time they had been here. Fourteen years before, when on their way from Barbadoes to Boston, they had stopped at Charles Town for two weeks while the sloop by which they were sailing discharged one cargo and loaded with another. The remembrance of these two weeks always filled Mr. and Mrs. Blew with a sorrow too deep for words. For during that time a terrible grief had come to them, the most terrible they had ever known. Their eldest child, Edward, a bright, handsome little fellow two and a half years old, had become separated from them one day as they mingled with a crowd on the wharf, and though they

had searched far and wide for him, they had never seen him again. A party had been quickly organized, and the entire city gone over carefully. The men even went for miles out into the surrounding country, but there was no trace of the little Edward. In pity for the distracted father and mother, the good captain of the ship had delayed for two days his sailing, so that the search might be made as thorough as possible. The opinion was finally entertained that the child had fallen from the wharf and been drowned. Certainly there was no trace of him by land. It was with bleeding hearts that the poor father and mother turned away from the city, where so terrible a sorrow had come to them, to resume their voyage. It must have been that in choosing at last a place near the city of their woe as their future home, they were lured by the whisperings of a hope that they might yet learn the

fate of their darling boy. Perhaps — who knew? — they might some day find Edward himself.

The loss of their eldest boy had left them with but one child at the time, Caroline, then seven months old. The other little Blews — Charles, Elizabeth, and Daniel — had all been born in Dorchester, and that is the same as though I should now say that they were born in Boston.

They found the market-place crowded, so much so, that Mr. Blew with difficulty made a passage for the little people. There were many white men of all ages and appearances. There were, too, a large number of Indians. With what delight did Betty discover this. But her delight soon changed to bitter disappointment when she learned that there were only a few women in all that great crowd, and not a single baby. After a while she was to know the reason of it,

The crowd seemed greatly excited. The men were pushing and elbowing each other, and talking in loud voices. The Indians apparently did not have much to say, except a few sentences now and then muttered to each other. Their faces had a sullen look. In some it was plainly one of defiance.

“What can be the matter?” asked Mr. Blew, turning suddenly to a man at his side.

“Oh, just one of the Governor’s blunders. He’s had no more discretion than to bring up for punishment those Indians who are behind with their taxes, on the very day of the assembling of the convention to discuss the disturbed state of Indian affairs.”

“All a sad mistake, friend Blew,” said a familiar voice now at his elbow, and turning he looked into the face of Mr. Peter Grimball.

“The Governor means well, no doubt,” he continued, “but he’s made a bad mess of it. He’s constantly prating of his mercy to the Indians, yet there is no man in the province who has shown more inhumanity to them in certain ways than he. John Archdale may pride himself on his administration of ‘wisdom and justice,’ as he is pleased to call it; but the day will come when even he will be forced to admit the inconsistency of his course. It is questionable wisdom and a poor sort of justice that won’t work both ways.”

“Why, what has the good Quaker Governor done now?” asked Mr. Blew in much astonishment.

“He, at least, would be pleased to have you call him thus,” replied Mr. Grimball. “That is the title he has sought to carve out for himself, and no man is more jealous of his good name than he. Certainly he has done many things for which there

will be many throughout the province who will rise up and call him blessed. On the other hand there are those acts that will bring him anything else than blessings. Foremost among them is this miserable Indian business. While he has forbidden the colonists to make slaves of the Indians, and very speedily remitted the hard laws of Sothell with reference to disarming them, and thus depriving them of one of the chief sources of subsistence, he has, nevertheless, put the Indian on a footing with the slave in all the administrations of the law. If an Indian steals a boat, he gets the same punishment a slave would receive, — thirty-nine lashes upon the bare back, and not simply the small fine which is the law in the case of the other free man, the white man. If the Indian repeats the offence, he has his ears cut off.

“Another of the laws of the ‘good

Quaker Governor' with reference to the Indians is, that every bowman capable of killing deer is required, before the 25th of November in every year, to bring to such person as the Governor shall appoint as receiver, one wolf skin, one bear, and two cat¹ skins. Should he fail to do this, then he is brought to Charles Town before the 25th of December to be severely whipped on the bare back in sight of the inhabitants of the said town. This is exactly what is taking place now, or has been taking place, to be more accurate. Eleven Indians have been severely flogged here this morning, cruelly so, for I have seen the blood trickling from their backs, and all because they have failed to contribute their allotment of skins to swell the revenue of old Archdale's treasury."

"This is terrible," said Mr. Blew. "I

¹ The wildcat.

am glad we did not get here in time to see any of it," and he glanced uneasily at the children beside him.

"There, I do not believe it is really over!" exclaimed Mr. Grimball, suddenly. "There seems to be another. They have been waiting on him for some reason. Oh, now I see. The man appears sick. Yes, I am sure he is sick. What a forlorn-looking object he is, anyhow. But see! what can they be about to do? They surely cannot be going to chastise the man, and he in that condition!"

Mr. Blew now turned in the direction indicated, and he, too, saw the miserable object at which Mr. Grimball was so steadily gazing.

An Indian of apparently fifty years of age had been rudely seized and dragged toward the block by two of the deputies. The services of two of them seemed altogether unnecessary, for the

man was so weak he could scarcely stand when for a moment they released him. It appeared to be more a weakness from sickness than from old age. He was wasted to a mere shadow. The bones of his cheeks stood out prominently. His eyes were sunken. His limbs trembled so they could scarcely support him.

As the deputies seized him again and began rudely to remove his buckskin shirt, preparatory to placing him on the block, he raised his head and let his eyes wander over the sea of faces about him, with a hunted, appealing gaze. It was, too, a hopeless gaze, as though he knew full well no succor would come to him from that source, no response be made to his appeal.

“It is Chi-co-la,” said Mr. Grimball. “Poor wretch, I am sure he has been unable to meet the Governor’s demand. For some reason his people have cast him

off, and he has had to shift for himself. I have heard he was down with chills and fever all fall. He doesn't by any means look as though he was yet out of their clutches. What a shame to require the tax of him! I wish old Archdale could look on this picture. A sorry boast he could make then of his humanity."

"What is the value of the skins he ought to have brought as tribute?" asked Mr. Blew, suddenly. "I mean, how much would he have had to produce in money in lieu of the skins?"

"About three pounds, I believe."

"And could any one pay the amount for him and save him from the punishment?"

"Certainly."

"Then, friend, please see to these children for me for a short time. Betty, Charles, you must not move away until father returns."

"Why, what can you be going to do?" asked Mr. Grimball with some little consternation.

But his words received no answer, for Mr. Blew was by this time too far away to hear them.

"St-op!" said Mr. Blew to the deputies, who were just in the act of dragging the wretched Indian upon the block. "Stop! I will pay this man's fine. Do you not see that he could never stand such punishment as you are about to inflict? It would be his death."

He spoke sternly now, and his deep black eyes were flashing as he fixed them upon the deputy nearest to him. The man quailed, muttering something, while his companion slunk out of sight behind him. He was evidently not of a mind to serve as the target of this man's anger.

"Release him!" Mr. Blew said to the man to whom he had already spoken.

“You’ll wait for the law to do that,” returned the deputy, surlily. “Who are you, anyhow, that comes here interfering in this high-and-mighty manner?”

“My name you’ll know when the fine is paid. Direct me to the proper party to receive it.”

All this time the Indian Chi-co-la was gazing with fascinated eyes upon Mr. Blew. When he had first appeared, a strange expression had flitted over the Indian’s face. It was in part a look of sudden remembrance, then one of doubt, of deepening perplexity. When Mr. Blew spoke, the expression of Chi-co-la’s face changed to one of fear. Then his eyes were veiled and his head fell upon his breast, and more than ever he trembled.

But as he caught the meaning of the words that were spoken, as he realized that the man before him had come only on a mission of rescue, he raised his head

again quickly. A look of joy flashed to his eyes. He caught Mr. Blew's hand, grasping it with all his feeble strength, and pouring over it a flood of grateful words only a few of which Mr. Blew understood. But he comprehended without words what was in the heart of the grateful wretch before him.

"Chi-co-la thank! thank!" he kept saying over and over. "Chi-co-la never forget! Chi-co-la undo! undo!"

What was meant by the last words Mr. Blew could not divine, but he believed they had reference to a change Chi-co-la would make in his life. Perhaps he had been shiftless after all. He might even be given to the much drinking of rum. This, alas! the white man's rum, was known to be the ruin of many a poor Indian throughout the colony.

CHAPTER IV

THE JOURNEY UP THE RIVER

WITH his own hands Mr. Blew helped Chi-co-la robe himself again in his buckskin shirt. The grateful Indian could not sufficiently express his gratitude. He followed Mr. Blew through the crowd, clinging to his hand, and pouring out the words that rushed from his heart. His cheeks were flushed with the emotion that glowed within him. Tears were in his eyes. In vain Mr. Blew sought to free himself from the Indian, to make him understand that he had already been thanked enough and more than enough.

The children looked upon Chi-co-la with wondering eyes. They understood a part of what had happened, and knew that Mr.

Blew in some way had rescued him from the terrible flogging he had been about to receive. Much, too, of what Mr. Grimball had said had been comprehended by them. Oh, it was dreadful, Betty thought. No wonder the Indian women and children had stayed at home to-day. She was glad they had been spared the terrible sight, even if she, Betty, had not seen the babies.

“Poor man,” said Betty to Chi-co-la, “I am glad that father saved you.”

The Indian turned his head suddenly and looked at the little girl. Her voice had stirred something in his heart that made his lips tremble as his gaze went from her to her father. Then Chi-co-la did a strange thing. He laid his hand for a moment upon the soft, fair hair, and his lips trembled more than ever. His eyes, too, had a passion of pleading as he fastened them upon Mr. Blew.

“Undo! undo! Chi-co-la undo!” he said.

Again Mr. Blew believed he had reference to the change he would make in his manner of living. The sight of the innocent child, who had turned her eyes fearlessly upon him, who had received the contact of his hand without flinching, had no doubt stirred chords hitherto untouched. Her very innocence had awakened him to better things.

“Friend Chi-co-la,” said Betty, as she raised her eyes eagerly to his, “have you a little baby at your home? ’Cause if you have, I want you to come and bring it to see us. Oh, I do so want to see a little Indian baby; but I want most of all to hold it myself and talk to it. We are going up the wide, pretty river over there, that is called the Ashley, to a place that father says will have the same name as our old home, Dorchester. When we get there,

I want you to come a-visiting us — be sure, now, and bring the baby.”

She looked at him as though she fully expected to hear him make the promise; but he, understanding only a word or so, stood and looked at her. Yet there was that which needed no speech, that which required no form of words, to make its meaning clear. It was the language of Betty’s heart speaking from her eyes, the language of kindness, of good-will. Above all, it was a language of trust. It stirred the deep things within Chi-co-la’s heart. Dear, true-hearted little Betty, how surprised she was to be when she learned what she did for Chi-co-la that day!

Mr. Blew’s friends, Captain John Godfrey and Mr. Peter Grimball, had tried to dissuade him and others of the Dorchester colonists from going so far inland to make their settlement. The Indians were showing a certain restlessness of late that filled

the white people with uneasiness. The actions of the Kussoes had been particularly suspicious. In case of an uprising, the situation of those remote from the fortifications would be exceedingly perilous. Another danger that threatened was from the Spaniards at St. Augustine. They were likely at any moment to make one of their invasions.

But Mr. Blew and others composing the hardy and courageous little band of settlers from Dorchester were quite firm in their determination to make their home at some little distance up the river. They wanted fertile fields for planting and pasture lands for cattle; and they desired, too, to be in the very heart of the wild country, where they could reach the poor, savage red man whose spiritual welfare had been one of the chief motives of their coming.

“We seek not our own benefit,” declared the Rev. John Lord, earnestly, “but theirs.

If peril befalls, then God will preserve us if it is His will the work should go on."

What more could a good Presbyterian say than that?

"Oh," cried Betty, clapping her hands, "isn't this the loveliest river?"

They had set sail again, and were now on the dark and softly gliding current of the Ashley.

Yes, it was, and is a lovely river, with the noble trees lining its banks, the wide-spreading oak with its long festoons of moss, the stately pine, and the ever green cedar and myrtle with their luxurious foliage. Now and then they had glimpses of marshes that looked like stretches of waving prairies, so tall and fine was the grass. Wild ducks were circling overhead, while curlews, snipes, cranes, and the silver-plumed stork were wading in the shallow water along the edges of the marshes.

At some points the river widened until

it looked almost as a bay; at others the boughs of the noble oaks nearly met above them, yet always they found a depth of water sufficient for the safe sailing of the ships. But, oh, what a crooked river! It seemed like a serpent winding backward over its own trail. Though the spot to which they were going was only twenty miles from Charles Town, yet by the river it was more than twice that distance.

“Look!” cried Betty, suddenly. “Oh! oh!”

They had now come out on one of those portions of the river that resembled a bay. Some Indians in a long canoe hollowed out of a cypress log were crossing the stream. There were six of them. At first they seemed greatly frightened by the sudden appearance of the ships. Perhaps no others of this kind of craft had ever been so far up the river. But the Indians had doubtless at some time been in Charles Town, so the

vessels themselves were not unfamiliar objects. It was the men on the ships who doubtless caused them the alarm so clearly depicted. For what purpose were these strangers here? Why had the vessels come? Could they bode any good? These were plainly the questions the Indians were asking themselves.

“Poor things,” said Betty. “They are frightened, and that, too, when they are all dressed up so brave and so fine in their warrior clothes. Let’s call to them and tell them we won’t hurt them. I’m sure *I* wouldn’t for anything.”

She said this with so much innocence that her father felt that he must laugh. But, taking a second thought as he noted her earnest face, he did not. Instead he said in reply to her suggestion:—

“They won’t understand us, for I fear they know little if any English.”

“Oh, it doesn’t take *words* to let people

know you won't hurt them," declared Betty. "You can just look it, and they'll feel it."

"But they couldn't see looks well enough at this distance to know what they meant," said Mr. Blew again.

He gave Betty a warm smile now. The little girl's display of heart, her thoughtfulness for others, always pleased him.

"Let's fire off a cannon and see what they will do," said Charles.

His mother looked at him reprovingly.

"Do you think they would be impressed then with our friendship, Charles?"

"Oh, I don't know about the friendship, mother, but it certainly would make them think we had come prepared to take care of ourselves."

"Would that be the right way, my son, to begin with people whose confidence we wanted to gain?"

A shamed expression came upon Charles's face. In order to hide it, he turned aside

for some words to Winks, who, being a privileged passenger for this part of the journey, was now on deck, barking furiously at the Indians. Encouraged by the friendly gestures of those on board, they were now approaching the ship.

Fortunately, our voyagers had brought an Indian interpreter with them from Charles Town.

The Indians in the canoes proved to be Kiawhas. They were the hunters of their village, and had been off after venison. The bottom of the canoe was covered with the carcasses of the fine deer they had slain.

The ships were brought to anchor, and the Indians drew alongside the one on which were the Blews.

Then the conversation proceeded by means of the interpreter. Many questions had been asked and answered when a strange thing transpired.

The Indians declared that the ships must

not proceed another mile until their chief, the Cacique of Stono, had been notified. The voyagers were passing through his territory, and he would be cut to the heart if they went on without conferring with him, above all without partaking of the meal of peace. Yes, they must really stop where they were, the Indians persisted, until the Cacique could be summoned.

When asked how long this would take, the reply came with much gravity, "Not until the following morning."

The captain of the other vessel fussed and fumed and declared it couldn't be. Even quiet Captain Gabriel received the proposition with considerable irritation, pronouncing it a piece of folly. But there were those aboard both ships who counselled paying heed to the Indians. As the principal object they had in view was to win the good favor of the red men, it would not be well to begin by a

direct disregard of their wishes. Mr. Blew thought this counsel wise.

“It is now well on in the afternoon,” he said. “We must soon stop somewhere for the night. As well here as anywhere, especially as the men assure us that they will leave three of their number to keep fires burning for us on the shore.”

“But do you not fear that this will prove a trap?” asked Mr. Roddey; “that they really mean us harm?”

“No, I think not,” Mr. Blew assured him.

But somehow, despite his own confidence, while they waited through the long hours of the night, there in the midst of that wild, strange country, with the dark, sluggish current of the river gliding away beneath them, and the Indian fires burning on the banks, Mr. Blew more than once asked himself the question:—

“Have I done right to counsel this? May not the Indians really mean us treachery?”

Ere she lay down for the night Betty bestowed her confidence upon Winks, besides telling him what was expected of him in the event an emergency did arise.

“Captain Gabriel isn’t so sure of the Indians, spite o’ what Mr. Hall and Mr. Holmes and father have said. I b’lieve he thinks they’ll come back in the night and attack us, and maybe kill us all. I know he is looking out for it. Now, Winkie, you must look out, too. If the Indians do sneak back on us, which would be mean of them, I must declare, then you must bark right out and let me know, and I’ll get up and make them a little talk, and I know they couldn’t hurt us after that.”

Secure in this belief, of the power of the “little talk” she would make the Indians right out of her heart, Betty fell asleep with Winks keeping guard not far away.

CHAPTER V

MISTRESS BETTY DINES IN STATE

BUT no harm befell, and in the morning the Cacique appeared. He came heralded by his drummers and by his color-bearers, with the royal standard. This was constructed principally of the tail feathers of the eagle on a groundwork of red cloth. Along the edges there was a border of vivid red. If battle were meant, this was left uncovered. If the king came on a peaceful mission, as at present, then this space was hidden by the white feathers of the crane. On this occasion not only did this white border of peace appear, but at the top of the standard a stuffed pigeon snow-white, and in its bill a sprig of cedar. This said that the chief came not only on an errand of

peace, but the friendship formed that day would remain ever green.

The Cacique himself was resplendent in a robe covered with glittering beads and shells, with a deep collar of birds' wings in green and gold. On his head was the bonnet of state, crowned by a tuft of snow-white pelican feathers. He did not carry a bow, as did those who attended him, but pendent from his belt of wampum was a bunch of arrows with their barbs removed. In his belt was also a knife, its blade broken in twain.

Over the chief was borne a canopy of laurel leaves, its edges fringed with sprigs of cedar, with here and there clusters of the gleaming berries of the wax myrtle.

Betty stood and gazed at this procession, her eyes shining, her heart beating loudly, her hands moving vigorously in her delight. While most of the children seemed afraid, for though the Cacique did not have his face

painted the others did, and kept out of sight behind their mothers or fathers, Betty stood as close to the edge of the deck as she could get. She even crept up under the very legs of big Captain Gabriel, who had been chosen as spokesman and leader.

The captain felt the little hand clutch his clothing, and, looking down, saw Betty. He did not push her away, neither did he request that she be removed. Instead, he smiled, and reaching down, gave the sunny head a loving pat.

“Well, Mistress Betty, what now?” he asked. “Are you going to receive the Cacique yourself?”

Then he smiled again. This time it was with a smile that went all over his face, and it made Captain Gabriel very handsome.

“I am not afraid of him,” replied Betty with confidence. “I don’t believe he would hurt a little girl like me, a great, big chief as he is. I know he wouldn’t, with you

and father and all the rest here to see. Oh, Captain Gabriel, just see how his beads shine! Beautiful! beautiful!”

Then to the dog:—

“Be still, Winks! The chief won’t like you if you bark at him that way, and he won’t give you a single bear’s rib, as Captain Gabriel says he is sure to give us if we please him.”

“Ah, the very idea!” cried Captain Gabriel, suddenly.

He smiled more than ever as he looked at Betty.

“I think Philip will permit it,” he added. Philip was Betty’s father.

Then he said to Betty as gallantly as a lover:—

“As I am to be master of ceremonies, I’ll name thee, Lady Betty, as mistress of state.”

Betty did not just understand him, but she knew he had come to some decision

concerning her that pleased him very much, and that he was smiling at her because of it. So she smiled back at him, and held her place beside him with all the more assurance.

“Do you think you will be brave enough to speak to the Cacique, little one?” he asked now, bending down until his kindly face was very near to the sunny one upraised to him. “Because if you are, I have the thought that it will please him very much; and who can tell what may come of it?”

He said these words more to himself than to Betty.

“There will be the interpreter to tell him what you say,” he added, “and I think he will do very well with it.”

“Yes, Captain Gabriel,” replied Betty to the first question he had asked her; “I am not afraid. I am sure I could speak to the Cacique.”

“Then you must come with me when I go in the boat, which will be presently. I will tell your father now, so that he will understand, and can speak to your mother. She must have no alarm.”

When this was done, he continued speaking to Betty, who still kept close beside him, one warm little hand now closely clasped in his.

“After the Cacique has addressed us from the shore, he will, no doubt, send some of his men aboard. When they have held speech with us, they will request that certain of us return with them for the conference with the Cacique. Then it will be that I shall desire the company of Mistress Betty. Are you sure, now, little one, that you are not going to be frightened?”

Her display of courage was so remarkable for a little girl, especially for one in a strange, wild land, that, although he

knew Betty very well, he feared that after all, she might not be equal to what he desired. Our Betty was only nine years old at that time.

“No,” said Betty, positively; “no, Captain Gabriel, I shall not. You will see that I shall not be afraid.”

“And what are you going to say to the Cacique, my Betty?”

Betty glanced up at him quickly. There was a rare smile rippling over her lips. Her long lashes curled upward from her cheeks. Beneath them the eyes glowed radiantly.

“This is what I will say to him, Captain Gabriel, ‘Good Master Cacique, it is very nice of you to let us pass through your land, and make our home in the place where, no doubt, your warriors love to hunt and can now hunt no more, ’cause of the noise and the people that will be there, and even a little girl like me knows how to thank you.’”

“Bravo!” cried Captain Gabriel in delight, as he raised her to the level of his face, so that a kiss might be imprinted on her cheek. “Bravo! If you really say those words, Mistress Elizabeth, and in that way, no Cacique, if he were the surliest one that ever lived — which I do not believe this one is — could resist you. You will surely conquer him, my little Betty.”

And that is exactly what happened. For when Betty, with those great truthful eyes of hers looked straight at the Cacique, and, without a single suggestion of fear in either face or tone, repeated the words as she had said them to Captain Gabriel, which the interpreter put into very good shape for her, the old chief's heart was conquered as never before.

When Betty had first appeared, holding tight to the hand of Captain Gabriel, the

color flushing her cheeks, her eyes all ashine, and her fair hair rippling against her forehead, the chief had gazed upon her in curiosity and amazement. As she made her little speech to him, the wonder changed to delight. He looked at Betty, and Betty looked at him. In her heart, apart from the curiosity he excited, there was only the feeling of childish pleasure that he had received her so well. In his, something strange stirred, something he had never felt before.

And what else do you think happened? Why, that, to the astonishment of all, even to that of Captain Gabriel himself, Betty was asked to sit down to the feast which certain of the chief's attendants had begun to prepare at his direction. She was even to have the place of honor next to the Cacique. He had himself declared it was to be so.

A platform was erected, and over it the

laurel canopy stretched. On the platform skins were placed, and about them heaped branches of the magnolia, live-oak, laurel, and palm. In front of this seat of state were stretched mats woven of split cane and dyed many colors. On these the guests were to sit while partaking of the feast the Cacique was having prepared — the meal of peace, he called it. Yes, all were to sit there with the exception of Betty and Captain Gabriel. They were to occupy the post of honor on the platform beside the chief. Just to think of it! our little Betty Blew sitting down in state to dine with the great Cacique of Stono, the only little girl in all the world, or woman either for that matter, who ever had done so, or ever did again. No wonder she never tired of telling it to the little boys and girls who called her mother and grandmother in the afterward days. It was a story worth the telling, was it


not? Wouldn't you, yourself, like to have heard her tell it?

The feast consisted of venison stewed in bear's oil, ribs of barbecued bear, fish wrapped in leaves and baked in the ashes, hominy, corn-cakes, and Indian yams. For drink they had honey and water seasoned with some aromatic herb. This was served from a large earthen bowl by means of a wooden ladle. The chief would take a drink from the ladle. Then he would offer it to one and another, but always he offered it first to Mistress Betty.

"Good! good!" he would say whenever he tasted it and passed it to her, and always her eyes answered him.

"Oh, Betty," asked Charles afterward, "were you not terribly afraid sitting up there by the chief?"

"No," declared Betty; "I was not afraid at all," and she spoke truly. "He



had such a sweet smile, I knew he could not hurt me."

Betty did not know that what she had taken for a smile was only a pleasant breaking up of the face. But no one had ever before seen the Cacique do even that much. He was a stern old warrior, but Betty had conquered him. I think it was her very fearlessness that won him.

How sorry I am to spoil this pleasant record by the recital of the deed, or rather the misdeed, of one concerning whom I am sure you expected an altogether better account. This member of the family of Blew was no less a one than our four-footed friend, Master Winks.

Now I have always thought that Master Winks's deed did not follow upon intention, but that it came really through the temptation of the moment. I am sure you will think so, too, when I have writ-

ten the account as Winks himself would have liked me to write it.

They were right in the midst of the feast, when suddenly there were sharp calls from the direction of the ships, a loud command from Charles ringing out above all, then the scurrying of feet, and a small black body sprang between the shoulders of Mr. Hall and Mr. Roddey, landing plump in the midst of the edibles. It was Winks.

Now I have always thought, indeed, I am sure, that Winks, resenting the departure of Betty without having been solicited to accompany her, and unable longer to endure her absence, was only desirous of getting to her, and that by the shortest route possible. But it so happened that Winks's flying leap landed him directly beside a wooden bowl heaped high with the toothsome ribs of barbecued bear. It proved too much for Winks, whose nos-

trils hadn't been tickled by a smell so delightful for many a long day. In an instant, forgetting his good name, his rearing, forgetting the honor of his family, everything, he made a dive at the bowl, abstracting therefrom one of the largest and juiciest of the ribs.

There were instant cries of indignation, a chorus of shouts hurled at the dog. One of the Indians seized him, and it would no doubt have gone very hard with poor Winks, since he had been guilty of so grievous an offence as breaking in upon a meal of state in this rude way. But the presence of mind of his little mistress saved him.

"Oh, please, good Master Cacique," she said, "don't let them hurt him. He is my dear dog, and he didn't mean to be so naughty, I know he didn't. He's just forgotten himself. Oh, please 'scuse him, and tell the Indian man to let him come

here and I'll make him say to you that he's sorry."

Gestures were added to the words, so that the chief understood in part if he did not wholly. But there was no need to call to the man to release the dog, for, at sound of Betty's call he had plunged toward her with such force as to free himself. However, when he reached her he did not hold up his head and wag his tail as usual. Instead; he had a dejected air. Already Winks realized what he had done. He could see plainly by the look in Betty's eye that she was not pleased with him.

He dropped the bone at once, but at her command, accompanied by a gesture or two, he picked it up again, and, advancing slowly, laid it humbly at the feet of the Cacique. Then sitting erect upon his haunches, with his fore paws extended and curved over in the most beseeching

attitude, he looked alternately at the chief and the bone at his feet. He said as plainly as a little dog could say who had no words at his command:—

“I have been naughty. I know it. Will you please ’scuse me, sir?”

The chief grunted his approval. He was plainly pleased, astonished, too, by the little dog’s performance. There were many expressions of delight from the Indians who hadn’t so much dignity to preserve as the chief. Winks had plainly made a great impression. Because of it his theft was no longer remembered against him.

The chief would have given Winks his bear’s rib again, but Betty said no. He had been guilty of great naughtiness, and he must be punished. This reflection upon the family honor could not be passed by unnoticed. So Winks went hungry through the remainder of the meal. He looked very miserable sitting

there beside his mistress with the great, juicy bear's rib almost under his nose. But he made no effort to touch it. He had disgraced his family enough already. He must redeem himself now. But there is the record that Betty carried that same bear's rib with her to the ship, and that there Winks was permitted to enjoy it, while he listened to a very grave and earnest admonition as to what was expected of well-raised folks when they went abroad.

On parting with Betty the Cacique had bestowed upon her the hoof of a deer beautifully mounted with silver. There were some curious marks upon it, which Captain Gabriel afterward said he believed had some meaning. Attached to it was also a chain of silver by means of which it could be worn about the neck.

CHAPTER VI

DOM-BE-DI-E-TY AND THE BABY

BIDDING farewell to the Cacique and his men, the anchor was raised, and the two ships stood again on their way up the river. In a few hours more the voyagers had come in sight of their future home. Here, also, they found Indians to welcome them, for the Cacique had sent runners ahead, and, as the course by land was not more than half so far as that by water, the runners had had no trouble in arriving there before the colonists. They had killed several wild turkeys on the way, and a part of these they generously offered their white friends, together with Indian yams, dried pease, and some pouches of Indian corn which they had obtained from their storehouses as they came along.

There were women with these Indians — and — yes, really and truly, Indian babies! Betty almost screamed out in her delight as she saw them. How she longed to have her hands on the chubby little things! She wanted to squeeze them — squeeze them real hard, for that was one way our Betty had of showing her love. She had made mother and father and Aunt Joan gasp many times with her “hug-a-bears,” as she called these love squeezes.

Her eyes were dancing, her heart going pit-a-pat as she flew now straight to the first Indian woman who carried a baby. She was rather an ill-looking woman, with a puckered-up forehead, a grim expression about the lips, and fierce black eyes, the gaze of which wandered about restlessly. The mother love had not sweetened poor Dom-be-di-e-ty.

The women carried their babies in board

cradles upon their backs. Above the mother's shoulders the ends of the cradle stuck out like great horns. In a buckskin pouch, fastened across these wooden supports, and in shape like the toe of a slipper, nestled the baby as snug as a bug curled up in a rug.

Straight to Dom-be-di-e-ty flew Betty, and began chattering away in the sweetest English of which she was the possessor.

But Dom-be-di-e-ty understood not a word. Neither did she understand the language of love which Betty's eyes spoke so plainly. One thing, however, Dom-be-di-e-ty did understand, and that was that Betty wanted to touch the baby. At first the mother was afraid to let the little girl come near enough, for she did not know what harm might be intended. The white people, she had been taught, despite their fair ways and friendly looks, were

not always to be trusted. Perhaps this little girl, as gentle as she seemed, might want to pinch the baby, or to poke her fingers in its eyes, or to do it some other hurt. So she drew away every time Betty sought to approach. As it was necessary for Betty to pass behind Dom-be-di-e-ty ere she could lay hand upon the baby, it was very comical to see them bobbing back and forth about each other like two corks on the water, — Betty trying to reach the baby, and Dom-be-di-e-ty preventing her every time.

At length, however, she seemed to lose her fear of Betty. Perhaps she had at last read aright the language of Betty's eyes.

She looked steadily at Betty, then suddenly knelt, exclaiming, "Yi! yi!"

This meant plainly, "Come! come!" so Betty thought. At least she did not wait to weigh a doubt in her mind, but pounced

upon the baby with a little gurgling cry of delight. She patted its cheeks. She played with the stiff little scalp-lock that had wandered down over its forehead. She rubbed her fingers across the wee, pudgy nose, and finally pressed two loving ones upon the warm mouth. Then, with arch movement, she placed the same fingers upon her own lips and kissed them with great relish.

She would far rather have given the baby this caress direct; but having said once, in the presence of her father, that she intended to kiss the first Indian baby she could lay lip on, he had warned her not to do this. The Indians were very superstitious, he had told her. If she placed her lips upon the baby's lips or to its cheek, the parents would think she sought to breathe a bad spirit into it, and it would make them very angry. Thus Betty refrained now, though her heart was

nearly bursting with the desire to kiss this chubby baby.

The mother was evidently won by Betty's rapture over the baby. She saw plainly now that this fair-haired little girl desired to be very friendly. She saw something, too, of Betty's desire in her eyes.

She made an effort to smile, but never having learned the art, this attempt was but little more than a failure. However, Betty understood what it meant, and she smiled back in return, — a radiant smile that it seemed must warm all the winter day about them.

"Pretty baby! pretty baby!" cried Betty. "Oh, you little dearie dear!"

She extended her arms to him as though she would embrace cradle and all.

"Pretty! pretty!" echoed the mother.

It was one of the few English words she knew. But she did not speak it with

reference to the baby. It was intended for Betty. With the color coming and going upon her cheeks, the hair lying in soft rings about her forehead, and her eyes looking as though they had caught their light from a whole shower of stars, she was indeed a picture lovely to behold. Her appearance made a deep impression upon the Indian woman. In all her life she had never seen anything so fair.

The mother had now thrown from her neck the buckskin strap that held the cradle in place, and was standing with the great horns of the cradle resting against her. This put Master Baby very near the ground. Noticing this, Betty was not slow to prostrate herself before his majesty, still gurgling and cooing to him, and saying all manner of sweet things in a language he understood full well, because he carried the key of it in his heart.

Dom-be-di-e-ty thawed out more and

more under the warmth of Betty's admiration for the baby. She placed the horns of the cradle against the broad trunk of a water-oak, and, squatting in front of it, began to unlace the buckskin strings that held Master Baby up to his chin hard and fast in his slipper-toe pouch. She unlaced him until he had his stout little fists free. No sooner was this freedom given him than he began to tug manfully at Betty's soft lovelocks. What a lusty brave he would make when he started out on the war-path!

But this rough treatment did not disconcert Betty in the least. She only laughed as he pulled the harder, and gave him tug for tug as the game of clasping and unclasping fingers was played to a good-natured finish.

Another woman approached, making gestures to Dom-be-di-e-ty. She evidently wanted to talk with her apart.

A sudden thought struck Betty. She could never tell what prompted her to such an undertaking. Certain it was that our little girl was not instigated by any spirit of mischief.

She would show the baby to mother and Aunt Joan. How delighted they would be to see it! to hold it in their arms! Babies were the sweetest things in the world, both had declared. Surely, thought Betty, they would think this roly-poly fellow with his twinkling black eyes and his wee dumpling-like face one among the sweetest.

Dom-be-di-e-ty was some steps away earnestly engaged in the inspection of an article to which the other woman had called her attention. Evidently she trusted Betty fully now, since she had left the baby in her care.

With swift, deft fingers Betty continued the work Dom-be-di-e-ty had begun of

unlacing the buckskin thongs. There! Master Baby was quite free now.

He gave a little gurgle of delight, and, throwing up his arms, clasped them about Betty's neck. He was as pleased to be free as she was to have him at last in her arms. How she hugged him! If he had been less sturdy, he would have assuredly cried out.

He was not a large baby. Despite his chubby face, his limbs were small, even wizened. Thus Betty did not find him a heavy burden.

Down went the board cradle, and away sped Betty as fast as she could with the weight of the baby in her arms.

There was a beautiful bluff on the river at this point, and the ships had been anchored directly opposite to it. Most of the men and several of the women and children had come ashore in the long-boats. The former were now gathered under the

oaks, where a conference was being held with the Indians. Near by, in a little group, were the women and children, watching with deep interest the novel scenes transpiring around them.

Betty knew just where she had left her mother and Aunt Joan, seated on the fallen log against the trunk of the great oak.

On sped Betty, heading for the spot, the baby clasped tightly in her arms. But now he had begun to yell lustily, for evidently he did not understand this swift motion on the part of one who only a few moments before had won his gratitude by giving him freedom from his stiff board cradle.

The baby's cries attracted his mother's attention. She looked around quickly. The next instant a whoop of anger escaped her. In a twinkling, as it were, she had her conception of the scene. The little



ON SPED BETTY, AND FASTER AND FASTER CAME DOM-BE-DI-E-TY
Page 93

fair-haired English girl had stolen her baby! What else could it mean? For had she not released him from the cradle, and was she not now making off with him as fast as she could?

With a bound the mother started in pursuit, at almost every step giving vent to cries of indignation and anger. She shouted, too, to Betty to stop.

Betty did not hear her at first. When she did, and turned around for a view of Dom-be-di-e-ty, the appearance of the Indian mother and her cries and gesticulations so disturbed Betty that her one thought was to reach her mother and Aunt Joan ere Dom-be-di-e-ty reached her. Once safe with them, she could then have their help to explain all to Dom-be-di-e-ty.

On sped Betty, and faster and faster came Dom-be-di-e-ty. She gained swiftly upon the little girl, so swiftly that in a

small space of time she was almost up with her.

Others were now gazing upon the strange race. Very few there were who did not understand it from the moment that their eyes rested upon it. For Betty's desire to see and to have hold of an Indian baby was well known. Charles and Caroline had talked about it until it had become something of a joke.

There were those who looked upon the scene now simply with amusement, but there were others to whom it gave serious disturbance. Whatever was Betty's intention, and they could not believe it anything but an innocent one, she had beyond doubt deeply angered the mother. What grievous consequences might yet come of it!

"Put down the baby quickly!" shouted Captain Gabriel to Betty.

She did not hear him. For not only was he some distance away, but at that

moment the blood was beating so in her head from the exertion she had made that it sounded like the roar of many waters.

She was staggering now ; for, what with the swift running and the weight of the baby, our little Betty was on the verge of falling from exhaustion.

In that moment Dom-be-di-e-ty reached her. She threw a swift hand upon Betty's shoulder. She shook her roughly, muttering words of anger mingled with threats. The tones told Betty the meaning without knowledge of the words.

So roughly did Dom-be-di-e-ty shake Betty that the little girl's arms relaxed, and, ere she could prevent it, down tumbled the baby on the sand.

Strange to say, Dom-be-di-e-ty made no movement to recover it. She was too intent with Betty. She merely looked around to motion to another woman, who was approaching, to pick up the baby.

Then, with quick movement, she seized Betty, and, throwing her upon her shoulder, as she so often threw the deer her husband slew, she started with her at a brisk run toward the river.

“After her, men!” shouted Captain Gabriel. “She means mischief.”

“Oh, my poor child!” cried Betty’s mother, and started up as though she, too, would join in the pursuit.

But Aunt Joan caught her and held her. Her own face had turned a dead white, and her heart was beating so it almost suffocated her; but she knew she must keep cool for her sister’s sake as well as for her own. Besides, she realized that whatever hope there was for Betty lay in the swift feet and determined spirits of the men who had now started to the rescue.

But the woman was many paces ahead of them, and she was now speeding straight toward the river.

Aunt Joan shut her eyes, while a prayer went straight up from her heart to the Almighty One.

As swift as were the other men, Captain Gabriel was swifter. From the moment of the start he took the lead, and he held it.

“Stop!” he cried to the woman. “Stop! stop! We’ll make it all right with you.”

But his tones had no effect upon her, though the pleading was unmistakable. She seemed possessed by a very demon of anger that urged her steadily on toward the deed she contemplated.

On she sped toward the river, the point for which she had headed being some distance below the bluff where the council had been in progress. The river made a curve here, so decided a one that it was like a half circle. Thus the spot selected by the woman was much nearer to her than to those on the bluff.

It was only a few paces away now, while several paces behind her came the panting men.

With a little whoop of defiance she redoubled her efforts and leaped toward the bank.

She had reached it now and stood for a moment as though bracing herself. Then her arms flew upward, and between them tightly grasped was our poor little Betty. She made no effort to struggle. Had she done so, it would have been harder for the woman. She was either dazed by what had happened, or she had no conception of what the woman designed.

“Hold!” cried Captain Gabriel. “No harm was intended the baby. Hold, woman! Let us explain. Fiend!” he added frantically, “you can’t really be going to do what you seem.”

As though to answer him, the woman at that very moment swung her arms back-

ward, then forward, and with a force that sickened the hearts of the men who felt so powerless at that moment, Betty was hurled far out into the deep, dark current of the river.

It seemed to Captain Gabriel then that the strength of two men was lent to him. He never knew how he managed to move over the ground as he did. But as swift as he was, our little Betty had sunk beneath the waves twice ere he reached her. The brave, big captain made heroic battle for Betty's life, and he won.

"It was a close call for thee, my little one," he said as he bore her in his arms to the mother whose heart was well-nigh to breaking because of the strain that had been put upon it.

But Betty answered him never a word, because that she could not. She lay like a crushed flower against his breast.

But later, when she heard the exclama-

tions and threats against Dom-be-di-e-ty, she revived sufficiently to plead for her.

“Don’t hurt her,” she begged. “Oh, father, don’t let them; please, *please!* It was all my fault. I angered her so. She thought I meant to steal the baby. I ought to have told her what I wanted to do.”

And Betty’s spirit of forgiveness, which is the spirit of love, prevailed.

CHAPTER VII

SIR THOMAS

Two days later they began the erection of the fort. Until that was ready to be occupied, they would live aboard the ships. When they had the protection of the fort, then they would lay out and build their village.

Though the Indians had so far proven friendly, and those in the neighborhood were likely to continue so, there was always danger to be apprehended. The greatest trouble was to be expected from the Spaniards at St. Augustine and the French on the Mississippi, both of whom had endeavored to arouse the Indians against the white settlers in Carolina.

Especially were the Spaniards enemies of the Carolinians. They deeply resented their settling on land which they declared belonged to Spain. They were alert to attack at every opportunity, and had again and again sought to instigate the Indians to massacre. Serious trouble had come of it, lives had been lost, and more than once the settlers on the outlying plantations had been forced to flee to Charles Town and the protection of the forts.

So the fort was constructed first of all, and such was the care and skill employed by these sturdy pioneers that their work yet abides.

They built their walls of coquina, a mass of sand, gravel, and crushed shells, mixed with water. When it hardens, the lime that is in the shells holds all together like mortar.

The fort had two bastions. Each commanded a view of the river, which here

makes a sharp bend. The site was a noble one on an eminence, crowned by beautiful live-oaks draped with long streamers of gray moss, and by stately pines that shot upward to such heights that Betty said she believed they could almost peep into heaven. She often wished she could climb to their tops. She was sure that she could then look through the sky and see the beautiful things beyond.

Some of these magnificent trees had to be felled to make space for the fort. Over this Betty cried, not only because the noble pines and oaks themselves had to be laid low, but she was afraid, she said, that some of the poor birds would look for their homes and never find them again.

As the days passed on without event save for the visits of friendly Indians, and as there was still no indication of trouble from expected foes, the children were given more liberty. They were allowed to play

on the beautiful banks that sloped down from the fort to the river. They never tired of building mounds of the fallen leaves and pine cones. These, they pretended, were forts, and furious were the bombardments to which they were subjected with sticks and bits of oyster shells as implements of war. Greatly to their disappointment, no stones were to be found at their new home.

Betty was one of the few children who did not take much interest in this warlike pastime. She spent a large part of her play hour in constructing boats of pine which she sent down the river laden with messages for those who had been left in the old home at Dorchester.

At other times she would talk to the birds, pitying them with all her heart, for they looked so disconsolate, waiting for the spring. She tried to cheer them. Again

she would scold them for moping. They might at least be singing, she would tell them. The song was in their throat, and it was a shame to keep it there, when there were those waiting to hear it whose hearts would be made glad when it came.

“Birds no more’n people’s got any business to sulk and mope when things don’t suit ’em,” said Betty, “’specially if it makes others feel bad to see ’em. People ought to be smiling and birds ought to be singing whether they want to or not. It’s what Aunt Joan calls a duty. A duty’s what you do to another that you don’t like so much to do, yet that makes you happy when it’s done. Anyway, that’s how I look at it.”

To Betty the flecks of sunlight that flitted here and there over the leaves were living things. They whispered to each other as they came together, and when they grew very much agitated, which was

often the case, they were assuredly gossiping, Betty declared. When they bobbed here and there, then it was scandal they were talking, she was sure. She often scolded them roundly for being so wicked as to talk about their neighbors.

“It is one of the worstest sins you could have,” Betty declared, “to talk about your neighbors, ’specially when they can’t be present to answer back to you.”

Do you not think she was right?

In some respects our little Betty was a dreamer. Her mind was often filled with beautiful fancies. But for all this, she was really very practical when it came to action. She loved the woods, the trees, the flowers. Each had a voice of its own, each its story to tell, to which she gave delighted listening. She loved, too, the little animals that dwelt in the woods, sometimes hidden away where even her sharp eyes could not find them, or again they would scamper across

the leaves as though they were afraid she would lay rough fingers upon them. One fast friend she made, however, soon after coming to her new home. This was a dear little gray squirrel with bright, restless eyes and a beautiful fluffy tail. He was the source of constant admiration. Betty called him Sir Thomas Gray, after a friend of her father in England. His gray coat had suggested it.

Sir Thomas soon grew so that he knew Betty's step. He would emerge from his hole in the great oak even before her cheery call sounded. He would scamper out on a limb, spring nimbly to the ground, and make his way swiftly to Betty. Then he would run up her dress and seat himself expectantly upon her shoulder. Well he knew what she had in her hand for him. If the kernels of corn were not quickly forthcoming, then he would poke his sharp little nose around into her face and make

believe he was about to nibble her nose. This always made Betty laugh.

“I’m sure he’s not going to hurt me,” she would say. “He loves me, and knows that I love him. People who love don’t hurt each other, or if they do without meaning to, then they cry about it and ask to be forgiven, and when they do this, it doesn’t hurt any more. I am sure, now, Sir Thomas would cry if he hurt me, just the same as I should cry if I hurt him,” and she looked into the little glittering eyes, almost expecting to see the tears in answer to her words. But, of course, if Sir Thomas hadn’t hurt her, where would be the need of his crying?

He was a sly rogue, this Sir Thomas. He knew that Betty’s coming meant also the coming of the kernels of corn he loved so well. So his pretence at nibbling her nose was but to remind her of the corn he expected. But, despite this looking out for

himself, he was really attached to the little girl. If this had not been true, I should be ashamed to introduce Sir Thomas to you.

One evening Betty's Bible verse, ere she was tucked into bed, was, "Love one another."

"What does that mean, dear?" Aunt Joan asked her.

"It means this, Aunt Joan, that I must love Sir Thomas and he must love me. He is 'one' and I am 'another.'"

"Why, who is Sir Thomas?" asked Aunt Joan, for she had not as yet made the acquaintance of so distinguished a personage.

"Sir Thomas, Aunt Joan," said Betty, very gravely, "is a gentleman in gray, a fine little gentleman, and he has the brightest eyes and the cunningest ways."

"A little gentleman in gray? Why, I've seen none such about here. Of all the gentlemen I know, not one has a suit that's

gray. Now how is this, my Betty, that I haven't yet made the acquaintance of so fine a little gentleman?"

"I 'spect, Aunt Joan," said Betty, looking very wise, "it's because you haven't been where he lives."

"And where does this fine little gentleman in gray live?"

"In a sky house, Aunt Joan."

"In a sky house? Oh, now I see. It has a fine roof of green leaves, and moss curtains hang before its doors."

"Yes! yes!" cried Betty. "Oh, Aunt Joan, how well you know!"

"And there are avenues leading away from it, great, splendid avenues that spread out in every direction. Along these Sir Thomas takes his walks on days that are fine."

"Oh, aunt! Sure enough, he does."

Betty clapped her hands now. Her eyes were dancing with delight. How did

Aunt Joan know so well about Sir Thomas?

“It is from one of these fine avenues,” continued Aunt Joan, “that Sir Thomas watches for my Betty when she makes him her visits, or if he wants to be very coy, he will scamper back to the door of his home and peep out from behind his curtains of moss.”

Betty had thrown the covering back, and was sitting straight up in bed now. Her eyes were like two globes of light.

“Oh, Aunt Joan!” she cried, “do you know — have you *seen* Sir Thomas?”

Aunt Joan’s eyes were sparkling, too, as she leaned nearer Betty.

“No, darling, I haven’t seen Sir Thomas, but —”

“But what, Aunt Joan, dear?”

“Only this night as I was undressing my Betty I found this between her kerchief and the little fish-bone fastening Chico-la made for her.”

As she spoke she held near to the small wax candle on the stand, and in plain view of Betty, a soft, downy object.

Betty looked for one moment straight upon it. Then a little squeal of delight came from her. And no wonder, for the tiny object was nothing less than a bit of fur from Sir Thomas's fluffy tail!

"Oh, aunt!" she cried, "and so *that* was how you knew?"

"Yes, my Betty," replied Aunt Joan, and she tried very hard to make her lips steady now, "that was how I knew."

CHAPTER VIII

BETTY'S LETTER

MR. PETER TIMOTHY, postmaster at Charles Town, had kindly sent notice up the river that the good ship *Charming Mary* would sail in a week's time for Boston, carrying written messages of whatever form or nature desired, provided each was accompanied by the proper amount for its transmission.

As it had now been four months since the pilgrims had left their home in Massachusetts, and as, in all that time, they had not been enabled to forward any communication to the expectant loved ones and friends in the old home, it was no wonder that this news from Master Timothy was hailed with the greatest delight. Old and

young were alike excited by it. Caroline declared that she had so many letters to write she knew she would never get through with them. When her father reminded her that as each required its own fee for transmission, and that if she wrote even half so many as she threatened, she would quite ruin him financially, she at last decided to write only one, and let that do for the dozen or more girl friends she had had in mind. They could hand it around from one to another.

“To whom will you write, Betty?” asked Charles.

“Oh, that is a secret,” said Betty, and she looked at him archly.

“I think you might tell *me*.”

“No, Master Blab; for you’d tell it as soon as you knew it.”

Charles looked aggrieved.

“You know I wouldn’t do that,” he said.

“But you would. You just *can’t* keep a

thing. You have the wriggles till you tell all you know."

"Now, Mistress Elizabeth, don't be so hard on your dear brother."

"I am not hard on you. You tell things on yourself just as quickly as on anybody else. I s'pose it's 'cause you just *can't* keep 'em."

"I don't see any need o' being so mysterious over a letter," grumbled Charles.

"I do," declared Betty.

She looked at Charles again with a provoking little twinkle of the eye. Then, making him a mocking bow, she ran quickly away, for she was afraid that if she stayed longer, she would just have to tell him.

Others besides Charles had curiosity concerning Betty's letter, for she had openly announced that she intended to send one.

"Will our Betty really have a letter to go with the others?" asked Aunt Joan on

the day preceding the one that the messages were to be forwarded to Charles Town.

“Yes, Aunt Joan, I’ll have one.”

“For whom will our Betty’s letter be?”

Betty hesitated a moment, then she said, “I will tell you, aunt, but, oh, please don’t tell Charles.”

“Why not tell Charles, Betty?”

“’Cause, aunt, he will tease me so. He is always saying that I am very silly about Harriet.”

“So the letter is for Harriet Brewster, is it, my Betty?” asked Aunt Joan with a smile. “Yes, aunt, dear, it is to Harriet.”

But Betty said no more, neither did she come to Aunt Joan for the help with the letter that Aunt Joan expected she would. For it was Betty’s first letter, and, of course, the preparation of it would be a toilsome task. She would hardly attempt it alone, her aunt thought. But she did. However, after the sheet had been folded

and sealed, she brought it to her aunt that the address might be written.

“Did you tell Harriet many things?” asked Aunt Joan.

“Yes, aunt, I told her a whole sheet full.”

As Betty did not seem disposed to give further confidence, Aunt Joan did not press her.

So Betty's letter went with the others; but as the little maid continued very mysterious about it, and as she would answer neither Caroline's nor Charles's questions concerning it, this tantalized them so they began to tease her unmercifully.

Finally, the younger ones making such ado with reference to Betty's letter, the older ones found themselves speculating as to what could have been in the mis-sive about which Betty was so mysterious.

“What did my little maid say to Harriet?” her father asked her one day.

Betty looked away from him, then she faltered, "I don't know, sir."

Thinking she meant to say that she did not remember, he repeated:—

"You don't *know*, my dear? You mean that you have forgotten. Is not this what you intend to say?"

"No, sir, I really don't know, 'cause I didn't read it, father."

"Didn't read it!" he echoed.

Then he threw back his head, and oh, how he laughed!

After a while he began to question Betty, and this is what he found out: she did not know how to form some of the words she wanted to write. So every one seeming to be too busy to help her, and besides writing being but a slow and laborious task to our little Betty, she had decided to get on by adopting a plan of her own. Thus she had covered the sheet with many wavering lines and curling marks

of her own invention. No wonder she had not read it over.

Poor Betty! She had to stand a perfect fire of teasing after that. But hers was too sweet a nature to take it crossly.

It was the knowledge that came to her of Betty's letter that decided Aunt Joan to delay no longer the opening of the school that had for some time been planned for the children of the settlement. Betty, at least, was shockingly in need of it, if none of the others were.

A portion of the fort was now completed, and while there was not enough living room for all, still many persons could be made comfortable within those strong walls.

The main entrance to the fort faced the village. It gave the inhabitants quick access to it in the event that they had to flee for their lives. This entrance led into a wide hall with deep walls, used as

a general assembly room. All gathered here for social intercourse. It was also the place where religious services were held until the church could be erected. There was a large fireplace enclosed by settles, and around the walls stands for arms. Light was let into the apartment by means of two rows of small windows, not much more than port-holes.

Around the inner space of the fort there were other apartments, but much smaller than this main one. In one of these Aunt Joan opened her school. It would have been dreadful in war times, the children thought, to have been shut up in this close room, with only a poor light to fall upon the pages of the books. But as it was now the season of peace, and all out of doors the sun was shining as though the light he gave was made of pure gold, it was a delight even for little scholars hard at work to sit in the open court.

Aunt Joan was a sweet teacher, so the children thought. I know that she had a sweet temper, for all the records of those days tell me so; and as the most formidable implement of correction she was ever known to use was a small cedar twig, I am fully convinced that the records were correct.

Aunt Joan looked as sweet as she was. She had soft dark eyes and hair to match them, which shone as though she polished it with sticks of ivory every morning. And she had the dearest mouth and chin. How nice it was to have Aunt Joan kiss you, or to kiss Aunt Joan! Betty believed her the loveliest person in the world next to her mother. Somehow, she felt that Captain Gabriel, too, thought Aunt Joan lovely, for she had seen him looking at her in a way that said it plainly enough.

The favorite costume of this dear Aunt Joan was a dark blue gown, which fitted

her as beautifully, Charles declared, as the bluebird's robe of feathers fitted him. Certainly Aunt Joan looked as though she were made for the gown, and the gown for her. About her neck she wore a kerchief that was crossed over her breast. This kerchief was always snowy white. The rich, dark hair lay in clustering rings upon her white forehead, and often escaped from under the tortoise-shell comb, with which she confined it near the top of her head, to stray in glossy strands over her shoulders. It was beautiful hair, and Aunt Joan knew how to make it look even more so.

If you could have seen the books and helps to study used by our little friends at Dorchester in that long ago time, I am afraid you would not have wanted to join the school kept by Aunt Joan. First of all, there was the New England Primer, sold by Master Benjamin Harris, at the London Coffee House in Boston. This

was an enlarged edition printed just the year before, and considered a fine piece of work indeed. For, in addition to its old contents, there were many new and elaborate rules for spelling, all of which were so hazy and intricate, that even Aunt Joan herself often found her wits tangled hard and fast within them. What, then, could she expect of her poor little pupils?

The Primer had for one of its reading lessons a prayer, said to have been composed by King Edward VI. Whenever the children droned over it, they felt like going to sleep. There were, too, some verses by Master John Rogers, the martyr, who had been burned at Smithfield in the reign of Bloody Mary. They had been written by him for his children. While they were not so very sad, yet they always made Betty cry. Doubtless she was thinking of the martyr himself. Aunt Joan had often to wait for the next one's reading, till Betty

dried her eyes and got the sob out of her voice.

Then for writing they had books of rough, parchment-like paper, which they had to rule themselves. And they used pens made from the feathers of the goose and turkey. They were not nice one bit, for they would often catch in the paper, and sometimes they would spread, scattering the ink all about the spot. To dry the writing, they threw sand upon it.

But these children never thought of anything better, and were quite contented, even happy at times, in their studies as the days passed. Altogether, Aunt Joan thought she had a model school. Certainly Aunt Joan was a model teacher for those days. And so rapidly did Betty progress that, a few weeks later, when she wrote her second letter, it was a sure enough letter, and a fine one indeed.

CHAPTER IX

WINKS PLAYS BEGGAR AND HERO

WINKS thought it awfully hard that he, too, couldn't become a pupil of Aunt Joan's school. His chief cause of complaint lay in the fact of his banishment. He was miserable when away from the children. He would rather have been kept all day in close confinement with them, than to have had the opportunity for the grandest out-door frolic alone. It was amusing to see the manoeuvres to which he resorted to have himself admitted as a member of the school. He had even tried to sneak in under cover of Aunt Joan's skirts.

"I wish Winks could share his liking for school with some children whose names I shouldn't find it hard to call," said Aunt Joan.

In an instant Charles, James Banbury, Richard Croft, and Henry Roddey tucked their heads down so closely over their books, and altogether looked so conscious, that Aunt Joan had no need to "name names."

"Oh, Aunt Joan," cried Betty, suddenly, "do look at Winks now! Isn't he smart?"

I wish you, too, could have seen Winks. He certainly was a sight worth beholding. He had climbed along the wall to a point where he could look down upon the children as they sat in the open space. He was now sitting upon his haunches with his fore feet stiffly elevated and his nose drooping toward them. This was the particular attitude of Winks when desiring a favor. If it were forgiveness he was asking, or the lenient overlooking of some misdemeanor committed, then the paws would be curved over, as had been the case when he appeared before the Cacique.

“What now, Winks?” asked Aunt Joan. She knew just as well as the rogue himself, but she pretended not.

Higher yet went Winks’s fore paws, and now his nose was poked between them. He looked comical, indeed.

“No use begging, Winks,” said Aunt Joan. “We are not keeping school to-day for four-foots.”

Suddenly Winks’s body began to sway. What could he be about? Did he realize how near he was to the edge of the wall?

“Oh, aunt,” cried Charles, “see the rogue, what he is about to do!”

“Oh, deary me,” exclaimed Betty, “if he isn’t trying to make himself fall over!”

Yes, Winks was not only trying, but he did it. For Betty had no sooner exclaimed at his intention, than down from the wall shot a little black body, whirling over once, then landing deftly on its feet.

Thereupon Winks turned for the approbation he felt that he assuredly deserved for so wonderful a feat. He received it from the children, though in rather a covert way.

As to Aunt Joan, she looked at him as sternly as she could.

“Since Winks has gained what he desired by pretending,” she said, “it pleases us to let him serve as an example to his young friends for the rest of the morning session. Come, you rogue, and play beggar until I say to you it is enough.”

Poor Winks! many times ere that long, long hour was over he wished that he had not tried to play that trick on Aunt Joan, to make her believe that he had lost his balance and tumbled into the courtway. For there he had to sit, stiff and prim, with paws extending upward and his back aching—oh, dreadfully—while he begged, begged, begged. And

every time he made a movement to let his paws drop downward, so as to give himself a moment's rest, Aunt Joan, with stern eye and terrible voice, would bid him up again. It was a long time ere Winks felt like playing beggar again; and how ashamed he was of what he had done. Then, too, Charles and Henry and James and Richard teased him dreadfully. He wished with all his little dog's heart that he had never gained what he desired through deceiving, for only shame and unhappiness had come of it. But Winks was to redeem himself yet. What a triumph that was for him!

The spring had passed and the summer was coming. The children spent all the time they could out of doors. Such grand times as they had wading in the creek and watching the curlews, snipes, and silver-plumed storks hunting for their food. One of their delights was to sit on the

banks of the creek and fish. Among others they caught such beautiful little red-stomached perch, with scales that sparkled so they seemed made entirely of silver. At others, they would hunt for the lovely water-lilies that rode upon their broad green pads, like queens in their chariots, Betty said. The largest one would always be named the Queen of Sheba.

“All the others are going with her to see Solomon,” Betty would add.

But the day they remembered most of all was the one they came upon the crane’s nest, and that was the day Winks made a hero of himself.

The children were hunting for fiddlers (mud-crabs) along the edges of the creek, and had just come to a clump of tall rushes, when Betty, who was leading, gave a sudden little squeak of delight. Then she fell back, motioning to the others mysteriously.

"Hush! Hush-e-e-e!" she whispered. "Stop right here. Don't go a step nearer. What do you think I've found?"

"A marsh-hen," suggested Emily.

"A turtle," said Charles. "Oh, Betty, show me right away where he is, for I must have him."

Betty shook her head.

"It is neither a turtle nor a marsh-hen."

"It is a toad with a horn, then," declared Henry.

Again Betty's head went vigorously from side to side.

"Oh, I know," said Richard, and despite Betty's warning, he spoke right out. "It is a whole village of fiddlers. Do let us see them at once."

"I haven't seen a fiddler yet," asserted Betty.

"I have it!" cried Charles, and now he looked at Betty with mischief twinkling in his eyes. "It is an Indian

baby in the rushes like another little Moses !”

“ Oh, Charles,” remonstrated Betty.

Then all at once Charles remembered what Betty had suffered through one Indian baby, and how sorry he was.

“ Do forgive me, sister,” he begged. “ I forgot for just the minute.”

Betty put her arm about his shoulders, in the sweet way she had, and he knew that he was forgiven so soon as the words were spoken.

“ But what is it, sister dear ?” entreated Charles, as he returned to the all-absorbing topic.

“ Listen,” she began, and how big and round her eyes became !

“ It is — ”

But here Betty paused, as though the nature of the disclosure she was about to make was of such import it quite took her breath away.

“ Do go on,” begged Henry.

"We can't wait another minute," said Charles.

"Not another one," added Richard.

"Yes, Betty," urged Emily, "do tell us quickly."

"It is a crane," said Betty, "and what do you think she is doing?"

"I am sure I could never guess," admitted Emily.

"Do tell us, sister, without stopping to question us in that way," begged Charles.

"Well, then, she is —"

Again Betty made a provoking pause, and now she pointed her finger imperatively at her brother.

"You keep still now, Charles, while I tell you. She is sitting."

"Whoopee!" cried Charles, despite the warning. "I just *must* see those eggs."

"So, too, must I," declared Henry.

As each spoke he made a movement in the direction indicated by Betty.

"No, you will not," asserted Betty. "You just shall not disturb the mother crane," and she bravely placed herself in the path leading to the crane's nest.

"But we must see the eggs," persisted Charles. "I did not say we would disturb the mother."

"No, you did not say it, but you will. Do help me, Emily. It would be such a wicked thing to break up the poor mother's nest."

"So it would," agreed Emily. "But surely Charles and Henry do not mean that."

"Yes, they do," declared Richard. "I can tell by the look they gave each other."

"*You* would not do such a thing, would you, Richard?" asked Betty, appealing to him.

"No, I would not," he asserted stoutly.

"Neither would we," exclaimed Charles, indignantly. "Do show us where the crane

is. We promise you we will not hurt her."

Betty looked at him a moment, hesitating.

"You really mean that, Charles?"

"Yes, I do."

She still looked at him in doubt. She seemed pondering something. Suddenly her face brightened.

"I think you will not *hurt* the mother bird," she said; "but you must promise me you will not *touch* her."

The countenance of each boy fell at the words. It was evident they had not intended Betty should catch them in this way.

"You must promise not to *touch* her," persisted Betty. "If you will promise me this, I will take you to where you can see her. You must not even cry out so as to frighten her."

Not until they had solemnly and repeatedly given their promise to this effect,

did Betty conduct them to where they could see the mother crane sitting upon her nest.

I ought not to have written it thus: mother crane did not *sit* on her nest; she really stood over it. For it had been built high up in a network of reeds, just high enough for the mother bird's body to rest on the eggs as she stood over them. Had she sat on them, the weight of her body would soon have crushed them in. Isn't it wonderful that she knew this herself? No, not wonderful, when we remember that God taught her.

"My," said Charles, "isn't it a big sight, though? Oh, dear, I just can't keep my hands off her. I wonder what color the eggs are and how they look?"

Suddenly there was a glance exchanged between himself and Henry. It was all that was necessary. The next moment, with a little whoop of defiance directed

toward Betty, both boys plunged toward the crane's nest.

In a twinkling the mother bird was routed, and there in the nest of rushes lay two eggs, larger than our hens lay, long-pointed at one end and of a pale ash color, powdered with brown.

"Oh, don't harm them! don't harm them!" pleaded Betty.

She did not say, "Don't touch them," for she knew that would be useless. However, I think this was the worst the boys intended. I am sure neither was so heartless as to wish to destroy the eggs.

"For shame! for shame!" cried Emily. "You ought both to be punished for treating the poor mother crane in that way."

She little knew how near the punishment was.

As the two boys plunged toward her, the mother crane sprang away in affright, uttering a hissing sound, which quickly changed

to a sharp, discordant cry. Almost as soon as it was uttered another cry answered it, but sharper and more prolonged.

This last cry came from the male bird, who was not far away. Even while Charles and Henry bent over the nest, there was the whirring of wings, a succession of sharp, angry cries, and a body moving swiftly, dropped beside them. Then, ere they had time to realize the danger, they were set upon with beak and wing, the mother crane all the while encouraging her mate to the attack by a continued outcry.

“See! see!” cried Betty. “It is another bird. Oh, Charles! Henry! Surely they will be killed. What shall we do! What shall we do!”

“Let us go to their help,” said Richard.

“Yes! yes!” exclaimed Emily.

However, it seemed that their presence but angered the crane the more. He redoubled his attack, striking right and left

with beak and wing. Charles was down, and Henry blinded by the blood that was dripping from a wound on his forehead.

The bird seemed determined now to concentrate his attack upon Charles, doubtless because he was down and seemed the easier prey.

In vain Richard, Emily, and Betty shouted to him and struck at him with all their might, seeking to keep him away from Charles's face.

"Oh, he will be killed!" sobbed Betty. "What can we do?"

She raised her head and began to call in piercing tones for help. Even as she cried out she realized how slim was the chance, owing to the distance, of any one's hearing her.

The crane was now standing over Charles, its wings outstretched, and with them it was beating the air so violently

that no one could approach near enough to render Charles any aid.

One after the other they attempted it, and each was alike beaten back.

“Oh, will no one help him? Will no one come to help him?” cried Betty, wringing her hands.

She had fallen upon her knees now, and was sobbing out her entreaty; it seemed only to empty space.

But rescue was at hand.

Betty's passionate plea for help was yet warm upon her lips when the sound of footfalls coming rapidly through the reeds was heard.

The next moment Winks bounded into the space where the battle was proceeding at such terrible odds against the prostrate Charles. Gallant Winks! with glossy plume erect, like martial banner waving, and eyes speaking of a purpose that never flinched. He alone of all those whose ears

had been assailed by the pleading cries for help had heard and responded.

With battle cry as defiant as any soldier ever uttered, he flung himself upon the crane. His intent, no doubt, had been to land upon the crane's body directly between the violently moving wings, and thus pinion them down so that their opportunity to do harm would be considerably decreased. But Winks missed his calculations, and, instead of landing upon the crane, came down in front of him. The bird made a sudden dive for him with his beak, and for an instant it seemed it must go hard with the gallant dog. But not so. Winks was up again as quickly as he had gone down; and now he made attack with surer aim. He sprang nimbly to one side and seized the crane by a wing.

The bird gave a sharp cry and sought to shake him off, but to no avail. Winks

clung to him with the persistence that makes heroes, his sharp teeth all the while biting deeper and deeper into the bird.

“Oh, good Winkie! dear Winkie!” cried Betty. “Smart, smart dog!”

If Winks had needed any further incentive, he would have received it in these words. Had his courage been the least bit shaken up to this time, it could never have wavered again after this dear voice spoke to him thus.

The bird sought again and again to attack Winks with his beak, but each time he dodged away, dragging the bird by the wing.

Seeing that his efforts to attack the dog were useless, the crane's next attempt was to free himself from Winks's grip. But with the weight hanging to his wing he could do naught but plunge from side to side.

In the meanwhile the mother bird had

returned to the neighborhood of her nest, and was hovering there, uttering uneasy cries. She showed no disposition to go to the assistance of the male bird. She seemed concerned only about her nest and the danger that threatened it.

Discovering that he had at length met a foe that could give him royal battle, the crane made one supreme effort to recover freedom. Raising himself a few inches, he struck at the dog with his claws. This proved successful, for, with a yelp of pain, Winks relaxed his grip.

The crane darted upward, but not with easy movement, for Winks's determined teeth had dealt such havoc to the wing it was partly crippled.

As the crane soared upward, a cry of joy escaped Betty, and she sprang toward Charles to assist him. He was now standing up, and doing his best to laugh over what had happened. But he was very

white, and it was a poor attempt at a smile that was on his lips.

So soon as she was sure that Charles had not received serious hurt, Betty made a dive for Winks, and how she hugged him!

“Oh, Winkie! Winkie!” she cried, as she kissed him again and again on the top of his head. “What should we ever have done without you?”

Sure enough, what would they have done?

CHAPTER X

DEAR MAID BETTY

THE children called their mother The Beautiful. She was not really that so far as looks went, but she had the sweetest, gentlest ways and the loveliest smile. No wonder she was beautiful to them. Then such a great, warm, loving heart as was hers! She would have been beautiful to you, too, had you known her, for she was good, which is better than being beautiful, and she was wise.

It was easy to see where Betty got her eyes of deep, dark gray, with their upward-curling lashes, and her sweet, firm mouth and chin. Betty was like her mother, too, in many ways, chief of which was the readiness with which she could enter into

the feelings of others, and always she saw the best in everything and everybody.

The Beautiful and Aunt Joan were sisters, though the mother of the little Blews was some ten years the older. But she did not seem to be, for her face had a young, fresh look. She never marred it by frown, or, as Betty expressed it, "tied it up in knots."

Betty passed much of her time in the company of her mother and aunt. Thus she had grown thoughtful beyond her age, and often the expressions she used surprised those who heard them. Her mother's pet name was "My Little Woman," and certainly she was womanly in all her ways.

There never was a more helpful little maid about the house than our Betty Blew. From father down to tiny baby brother she was always seeking something she might do for each.

It was truly a delight to the mother's

eyes to see her little Betty at the great wool wheel. How swiftly her deft fingers could make it revolve, its polished rim glittering like a band of light as she swung it in its circle. And what a dear little woman she looked, so demure and industrious, as she stepped back and forth, drawing out the fine threads of soft wool.

Our Betty was even now a fine little house mistress. She not only kept her own sleeping apartment in order, sharing the task with Caroline each alternate week, but she could tidy up as nicely as any one sitting room and dining room. How deftly her brisk young arms could swing sedge broom or crane's-wing duster. Few flecks of dirt escaped our Betty's vigilant eye.

One thing, however, Betty did not like to do. She really dreaded it. This was to comb her hair. It was very long and thick, and so glossy and beautiful. It *would* get tangled and snarly, and such

a time as our little girl would have bringing it right again. We can't wonder that she now and then gave up the task and left it only partly conquered. Little girls will sometimes do this with bad habits as well as tangled hair.

Of late Aunt Joan had begun to comb Betty's hair, for she hated so to see the little girl overcome by it. She was afraid, too, that it was beginning just the least bit to affect her little maid's temper. To see a snarl in that was what Aunt Joan dreaded. She would rather far have found a hundred in Betty's hair. So every morning of late she had come into the little girl's room just as she knew she would be dressing.

One morning the hair was unusually snarly, so that, with all Aunt Joan's gentleness and patience, the comb was well filled with the contrary fellows that had clung to it and had been broken away.

Betty looked at them gravely, then she asked : —

“Aunt Joan, do you really think God numbered the hairs in my head?”

“Yes, sweetheart,” replied Aunt Joan, “that is what our dear Book says, you know, ‘The hairs of our head are all numbered.’”

Betty’s serious look deepened.

“Then, aunt, I am more than ever sorry so many came out, for now God will have to count them all over again.”

Aunt Joan looked grave. She did not smile as many would have done, for she saw how truly in earnest the little maid was.

“He can easily do that, dear.”

“But it is too bad, Aunt Joan, for Him to be given the trouble.”

“He will not think it trouble, my Betty.”

“Oh, Aunt Joan,” Betty cried suddenly,

“I know how we can do so as to help Him. You count those that have been taken out. Then to-night when you pray, and God comes to listen, you can tell Him the number of them, or,” she added a little more gravely, “*I* will tell Him.”

“Yes,” said Aunt Joan, “you can tell Him, Betty.”

That night as Betty knelt with clasped hands and reverently bowed head, she poured into the great listening Ear, in all her childish simplicity, the story of the abstracted hairs, which she and Aunt Joan had carefully counted.

“And, dear God,” added Betty, “if you make me any new ones, please not to make them snarly.”

For a while after that Betty attended to her own hair in the mornings, for little Daniel had been sick, and Aunt Joan’s time, as well as mother’s, was closely occupied with him. Both mother and aunt

were very zealous in the effort to teach the children habits of cleanliness. Face and hands and hair were not the only parts of the body, our little people were told, that should receive their attention, the teeth and nails must also have their share.

One morning Aunt Joan began to question Betty very closely as to the toilet she had made.

“Did my little girl get her hair all right this morning?”

“Oh, yes, aunt,” smiled Betty.

“All the snarlies driven away without any cross words from my Betty?”

“Yes, aunt dear.”

“And the little face has been nicely cleansed?”

“Yes, dear aunt. Yes, yes,” said Betty, nodding vigorously.

“Teeth and nails, too, Mistress Elizabeth?”

“Aunt,” replied Betty, gravely, “I do assure you I have performed all my religious ablutions.”

Betty wondered what made father smile at this. But Aunt Joan did not, though there was a funny little movement about her lips for a moment. Then she said, quite as gravely as Betty had done: —

“I am glad, my dear, that you have learned that cleanliness is indeed a part of religion.”

The Indians continued to be very friendly. They came constantly to the settlement. They brought furs to be exchanged for beads, trinkets, brightly colored cloths, and gay blankets. A warehouse had been built on the river bank, and once a week the flat-boats were loaded with skins for Charles Town.

In addition to corn, pease, and yams the Indians brought venison and honey. Game was plentiful in the forest and fish in the

river. The settlers had also cleared and planted broad fields of Indian corn. They found the land very fertile, especially in the river bottoms. Rice was also planted in the marshy places, where the water could constantly flood it. Seed had not been hard to procure, for by this time all the planters had a supply of it.

While the Indians were peaceful and not disposed, save in a very few cases, to be dishonest, yet there were numerous small plunderers always ready to commit their depredations. In the daytime the crows and other birds came and threatened to do great damage to the corn and rice fields. The children were sent to frighten them away. This they did by means of whoops and shouts and the casting of sticks and clods of dirt. They thought this fine fun at first, but after a while they grew tired of it, and sometimes, when the sun shone very warm, they became drowsy and fell

asleep. Then Master Crow and Mistress Rice-bird and Madame Blue Jay and little Master Towee had a fine time indeed.

The men patrolled the fields at night, taking it by turns. This they did to save them from the deer, bears, and raccoons. The deer loved the potato vines. The coons and bears were fond of the milk in the green corn, and would tear through the shuck to get to it.

“Oh, what do you think happened last night?” said Charles one morning at breakfast.

“Very many things, maybe,” replied his mother. “For one thing, I heard a little boy kicking as though for the time being he had turned to a marsh pony.”

Charles hung his head for a moment. He hadn’t expected such a reply as this to his query.

“That was the same little boy,” con-

tinued Mrs. Blew, "who pleaded for venison twice at supper."

"Maybe he dreamed he had turned to a deer, and the hunters were after him," suggested Betty.

"Well, what happened last night," asked Aunt Joan, "about which you are so anxious to tell us?"

She thought it high time Charles's head was coming up again.

"Oh, aunt, a big bear walked into Master Christopher Portman's field, and ere he could prevent it, had torn off two or three ears of the corn. Then he went away with them just as a person would have done."

"Why, how did he manage to carry them?" asked Betty, her eyes wide open with interest.

"That was the funny part. He just hugged them up against him, and walked away on two of his legs. Captain North, who was there also, wanted the bear shot,

but Master Portman would not. He said it might have hungry little ones at home for whom it had stolen the corn."

"I believe that was it," said Betty. "Oh, I shall think greatly of Master Portman forever now, because of his being so good to the bear."

As she said these words Betty's eyes grew dewy with feeling.

"I wish much I could see the little bears," she added. "I know they are lovely."

CHAPTER XI

A TREACHEROUS CRAFT

"I KNOW where there is the funniest log," said Betty one day, as the children were on their way to the creek. "I think it is a palmetto log, though it has the queerest shape. Sometimes it is floating right up at the top of the water, and again it goes under."

"I suppose it is close to an eddy," suggested Charles. "Don't you remember how down near the mouth of the creek the drift-wood spins around and bobs about?"

"And sometimes it is sucked clear under," added Henry.

"This isn't far from the mouth of the creek," continued Betty. "Come, let us go to see if it is there now. It would make a splendid boat if only we had some sails."

They found the spot, right along the edge of the creek, but the log was not there, at least it was not there when they first looked. But directly there was a little shout from Betty.

“There it is!” she cried. “It is coming up now. I’m sure it is a palmetto. See how rough it is!”

The object to which Betty pointed had now come plainly into view, and was lying along the surface of the water almost motionless. It seemed to sway to and fro only with the movement of the current.

“It is a palmetto,” said Charles, “though it is much darker than they usually are. I suppose it looks so because of the black mud in which it has been.”

“What are those queer little branches growing out from it?” asked Henry, suddenly. “I think I never saw a palmetto look like that,” and he bent nearer for an inspection. “All the palmettoes I have

seen are bare of anything on their trunks except right at the tops."

"It may be some other kind of vegetable growing on it," suggested Richard. "It certainly does look like a palmetto. It has the same sort of ridges."

"How funny it looks," exclaimed Emily, "as though it had been flattened out near the centre. But with all that, I think it wouldn't make a safe boat. It is too narrow."

"If we had sails, it would go finely," declared Betty.

"I believe I'll take a ride on it, anyhow," cried Charles.

"So, too, will I," added Henry.

"Mind! it may tilt you over into the water," warned Betty. "It seems very shaky."

"Well, if it does, we can wade out again. It isn't very deep here. Wait, Henry, till I get a stick. Then we'll use it

as a pole, and play that this is our flatboat."

"And that Betty and Emily are our bales of skins," suggested Henry, with a mischievous twinkle of the eye. "But how are we to get our bales on board?"

"Wait until we see if we get ourselves there," replied Charles.

He had secured his pole by this time.

Planting it as firmly as he could in the mud at the bottom of the shallow water, he used it as a support and sprang lightly upon the rough surface he had designated as a flatboat. But almost at the moment that his feet touched it a strange demonstration took place.

The object supposed to be a log, instead of swaying from side to side and sinking partly, as even Charles had expected it to do, made a sudden dive forward, and then went plunging downward. The force with which it had moved had sent

Charles spinning into the water many feet way.

He came up gasping and sputtering, his mouth full of water, from which he sought hastily to free it.

Seeing the commotion in the little group on the bank, he cried out sturdily:—

“Don’t be frightened. I am not hurt. I’ll get back to shore all right!

“But what in the world is it?” he added, for now he became conscious that the object, whatever it might be, was churning the water into a foam that was tossed all about him. Fortunately, he was some distance away.

He had started to swim toward the bank, but had taken only a stroke or so when a terrific bellowing assailed his ears.

“Look, Charles, look!” cried Emily. “Oh, take care!”

“Turn to the left!” shouted Henry. “He is after you!”

“Oh, Charles! Oh, Charles!” cried Betty.

She had sprung to the very edge of the creek, and had her hands outstretched to him in a piteous way.

“What can it be?” thought Charles. “A mad calf, I do believe. It sounds like one. But it could be no calf I stepped upon. That was certainly something different from a calf.”

“Quick!” cried Henry again. “Oh, Charles, do hurry! Move faster! faster!”

The water was swirling about Charles, the spray caused by the angry monster dashing into his eyes, half blinding him. He threw one hand up to free his eyes from the clinging drops and saw, for the first time, the outlines of the creature he had enraged.

It was coming straight toward him, using the ungainly legs at its sides like paddles and churning the water with its

tail as it came. He saw a cavernous mouth with rows of terrible teeth gleaming within, and set far back upon its head two glittering eyes that were fastened upon him with an intent unmistakable.

“An alligator!” cried Henry. “An alligator, Charles! We know now what it is.”

So, too, did Charles, for like a flash had come to him the stories he had heard the Indians and negroes tell of this dangerous reptile. But not until to-day had he seen one.

“Oh, quick! be quick!” pleaded Henry, “and get out of his way!”

This was just what Charles was striving to do, and with all his might.

He would no doubt have succeeded, for he was a bold swimmer, but for the fact that he had come now to the shallow water. Suddenly, he felt his feet touch

bottom, and, ere he realized it, he was caught in the mud.

Deeper and deeper he sank, and vain became his efforts to successfully extricate himself. For no sooner had he pulled himself up from one place, than it was to find he was sinking into another.

Seeing his friend's predicament, Henry bravely sprang forward, hoping to aid Charles. He, too, but sank into the mire, floundering helplessly.

"The pole! the pole!" cried Betty to Richard. "Let us get it to Charles. We may then help to pull him ashore. Oh, hasten! hasten!"

As Richard moved but slowly, or so it seemed to Betty, she sprang for the pole herself, where Charles had dropped it along the edge of the water.

She seized it and hastened with it in the direction of her brother, regardless of the warning given by the plight of both

himself and Henry. She thought only of his terrible danger, and of how she must do all she could to save him. The hideous monster was close upon him now, its great jaws snapping, its eyes seeming to emit gleams of fire. It made Betty shudder to see it.

Somehow, as Betty ran, her feet came in contact with a real log that lay buried in the mud of the creek, and she kept it for its full length without any design on her part. Thus she had gone several paces ere she, too, sank into the mud. But ere she felt that terrible grip of the slime, and found she was going down, down into its depths, she had thrown the pole toward Charles, retaining her grasp upon one end, and urging him to make effort to seize the other. She had also called to Emily and Richard to come to her aid.

The sudden dash made by Betty and the

flourishing of the pole had attracted the attention of the alligator. He no doubt looked upon this as the coming of a new foe with whom he would have to deal. No sooner did he behold this fresh point for an attack, than he renewed his bellowings, and, raising his hideous head, turned away from the course he was pursuing, making straight toward Betty.

The little girl seemed doomed. For there she was, caught fast in the mud, with no power to extricate herself in time. She made brave effort to reach again the end of the log, for the moment she had slipped from it, she realized what it was. But she had mired too deeply to regain it with the haste necessary.

On came the alligator, his tail lashing the water from side to side, his great jaws opening and shutting as though they already felt between them the tender body they sought to crush.

Emily screamed. It was terrible now, somehow much more so than when the monster had been after Charles. For Betty seemed so helpless.

Charles and Henry were still floundering in the mud. They, too, saw Betty's danger and cried aloud in their terror and despair when they realized how powerless they were to give her aid.

Richard made brave effort to reach her, but, not knowing of the log, met, after a few steps, the same fate as the others. Emily alone kept the bank, and she was screaming with all her power.

The alligator was now but a few paces from Betty, not more than eight or ten feet.

The little girl shut her eyes.

"Oh, Beautiful," she said, "good-by. I'll never see you and Aunt Joan again except in heaven."

The farewell was no more than breathed when there was the twang of a bow-string,

and through the air an arrow came speeding, — an arrow sent by an arm that, while no longer young, had not lost its cunning, and directed by an eye that, although dimmed by disease, had still its wondrous accuracy.

Straight down over Betty's head it sped, and then, just as the horrible jaws of the monster reptile had opened for that last dart upon its prey, the barb struck it straight and full in one of the fierce eyes, and with such force it was buried deeply.

With a bellow of pain the alligator threw itself upward, then, with sudden plunge, sank beneath the deeper water, churning it into foam that was scattered for many feet around and that completely drenched Betty. Something else, too, began to mingle with the foam. It was blood.

“Chi-co-la!” cried Charles. “Oh, it is Chi-co-la! I see him!”

Yes, it was Chi-co-la. Chi-co-la, who had heard Emily's screams, and who had come with no lagging step to the rescue.

He knew there was no time to be lost, although the alligator was sorely wounded. It would probably seek again its prey. It was dazed now by the pain, but it would be more infuriated than ever after a few moments.

Chi-co-la's ready eye showed him the outlines of the log beneath the mud. He hastened along it, and dropping upon it, face downward, clung to it with his knees as he reached for Betty. Slowly, steadily he drew her to him.

"Good Chi-co-la, dear Chi-co-la," the poor little maid whispered as her head fell against his shoulder.

Then, the strain over, she must have lost consciousness for some moments, since the next that she knew she was sitting on the bank, and Emily was both seeking to

free her clothing of its weight of mud and crying over her as she did so.

But where was Chi-co-la ?

The good rescuer's work was not yet over, since there were Charles and Henry floundering in the mud, Richard having managed, by this time, to extricate himself.

He called to the two boys : —

“ *Kish ! kish !* ” (Steady ! steady !)

They knew that meant to be still.

Then he hastened a few steps back into the forest and cut a long streamer of the slender wild grapevine hanging from one of the trees.

This he coiled in his hand as he would have done a rope, and, calling to Charles to look out for it, sent one end deftly flying to within a few inches of the boy, while the other remained clasped in his own hand.

“ Catch ! catch ! ” he cried to Charles.

Charles needed no second bidding. He gripped the vine tightly, though his hands were shaking. He was now badly upset by all that had transpired.

First Charles and then Henry was drawn to shore in this manner, and Henry not a moment too soon. For his feet were barely upon the bank when the alligator appeared again upon the surface of the water, and almost at the spot whence the boy had been drawn. It was even more enraged than it had been before.

Chi-co-la would not let Betty walk any part of the way back to the settlement. He insisted on carrying her. He kept looking at her and talking to himself in his own language. Once or twice he laid his fingers gently upon her cheeks.

Our little maid did not object to this. She had grown to like Chi-co-la, for he had now been at the village several weeks, and had made himself very pleasing to the children, often joining in their pastimes and showing them many wonderful things. Besides, had he not just saved Betty's life, and no doubt Charles's and Henry's, too?

So while our Betty thought Chi-co-la's proceedings a little strange, they did not trouble her. She tried to talk back to him, though she understood only a word or so of the language he was now speaking.

Another strange thing Chi-co-la did. Instead of carrying Betty to her mother and Aunt Joan, he bore her to the warehouse, where he knew Mr. Blew was for the day.

He never stopped until he had placed Betty, mud and all, in her father's arms.

Then he stepped back and stood with clasped hands, his eyes bent eagerly upon Mr. Blew's face.

"Undo," he said, "undo. Chi-co-la undo."

They were the same words he had spoken at Charles Town when the man before him had stood between him and the cruel lash.

They struck Mr. Blew a little strangely now. He was at a loss this time to understand their reference. He was mystified,

too, as to the meaning of Chi-co-la's bringing Betty to him, and in this condition; but in a few moments, as Emily, Henry, Charles, and Richard flocked into the warehouse, having found it difficult to keep up with Chi-co-la's long strides, Mr. Blew was given the story of the peril from which they had been saved, especially his little Betty. He felt then that he could not bestow upon brave Chi-co-la a sufficiency of praise and thanks.

Later he thought again of Chi-co-la's out-of-place words, and again they struck him strangely. That evening, as he was preparing to retire, he repeated them to his wife.

"They *were* strange, Philip," she admitted. "What do you suppose he meant? Has he done anything wicked that you know?"

Mr. Blew shook his head.

"Nothing of which I have ever heard. He has been a model of good behavior since he came here."

CHAPTER XII

A NEW ACQUAINTANCE

THE spring and summer had gone and winter was coming, but in this fair Carolina climate, with its blue skies and days of balmy air and golden sunshine, even in December, there was not the dread as in the northern colonies of winter's approach. It is true, there were some cold, crisp days, and others of raw air and biting east winds, and snow, too, might lie lightly on the ground. But these would only be "now and then," while the "most times" were the days when the sunlight sparkled like golden wine, and the blue of the sky glowed as though it had been polished, and tiny wild flowers nodded bravely up from under the leaves. Flowers out of doors in the winter, say you?

Yes, this is just what these colonists had in their gardens after a while. And now, my little man or woman, whose eyes delight in these "children of the angels," as one little girl has called them, if only you will come to see the writer at that happy season you can have roses from out of doors for the Christmas dinner table; yes, you can.

The children were sorry the summer had gone. Yet autumn, too, had its delights, for there were the drifts of brown, crisp leaves with which to play. How many mimic battles they fought with them! And what fun it was to cover each other up under them! Then there were the feasts of haws and persimmons, grapes and hickory nuts, which they shared with the squirrels and the birds. Sometimes they had to contend right warmly with their feathered friends for an unusually tempting bit of fruit. But the squirrels always

dropped the nuts and scampered away. They were shyer than the birds.

Winter was indeed coming. The pussy-willow stood tall and bare. The cat-bird no longer called from the trees. The mocking-bird had gone to regular house-keeping, and his closed doors said plainly that he was at present neither visiting nor receiving visitors. The broom sedge looked very cheerless in its scant attire of curled brown leaves. Only the sparkle berries were here to make glad the eager mouths of the children and the hungry ones of the birds.

In the ten months since the day when the small band of pilgrims had come with stout hearts in their two good ships up the deep, dark current of the Ashley, the village had grown as though magic hands had built it. They were industrious hands, and this kind can indeed do magical things. There were now a dozen dwellings, a town

hall, a smith's shop, and a public storehouse in addition to the warehouse on the river bank.

How the children loved to visit the warehouse! They were constantly making excuse to go thither. Betty especially was filled with delight when she was permitted to accompany her father. She liked nothing better than to stay the whole day through with him, when it came his turn to take charge of the buying of skins.

She saw Indians there to the extent of her desire. While some were very fierce-looking, and it made her heart beat faster when they came near, yet many were very mild and gentle, and it pleased them to have her speak to them.

It was a busy season now, for the winter trade in skins had opened, and the flatboats were going twice a week to Charles Town heavily loaded.

She was at the warehouse one afternoon

with her father, chattering away like a tilly hawk in a sparkle-berry bush, as Charles delighted in telling her, when a voice suddenly accosted Mr. Blew.

“Want more skins to-day, master?”

Mr. Blew turned to see his questioner, and his face quickly expressed surprise.

It was an Indian lad who had addressed him, or at least one in the garb of an Indian. But the words he had spoken had been in better English than any Mr. Blew had yet heard from the Indians. A second glance showed him that the lad's features, too, were not Indian.

“Oh, isn't he nice-looking?” whispered Betty.

This same thought was in Mr. Blew's mind, though he did not speak it. Instead, he continued to gaze so steadily at the lad that the latter was clearly embarrassed. His eyes drooped, and a warm, red color began to tinge his cheeks.

Seeing this, Mr. Blew recovered himself.

“Your pardon, my lad,” he said. “I should have replied to your question at once. Yes, we want all the skins we can procure. What kind have you?”

“Chiefly those of the wolf and bear, master.”

He felt better now, for the gentleman was not looking at him so steadily.

“Oh, buy them all, father,” whispered Betty again.

He turned to bestow a smile upon her.

“Why, what a rash little merchant you would make, Betty, to buy without seeing or knowing.”

“I am sure *his* skins are all right, father,” declared Betty.

“What makes you so sure of that, my little lady?”

“Why —” began Betty.

Then she paused and added quickly:—

"Because, father, he *looks* as if they would be."

Mr. Blew smiled, but he was wondering why it was that he and Betty were thinking the same thing with reference to the boy.

"Where are your skins, lad?" he asked.

"Out in the canoe, master."

"Well, bring them in."

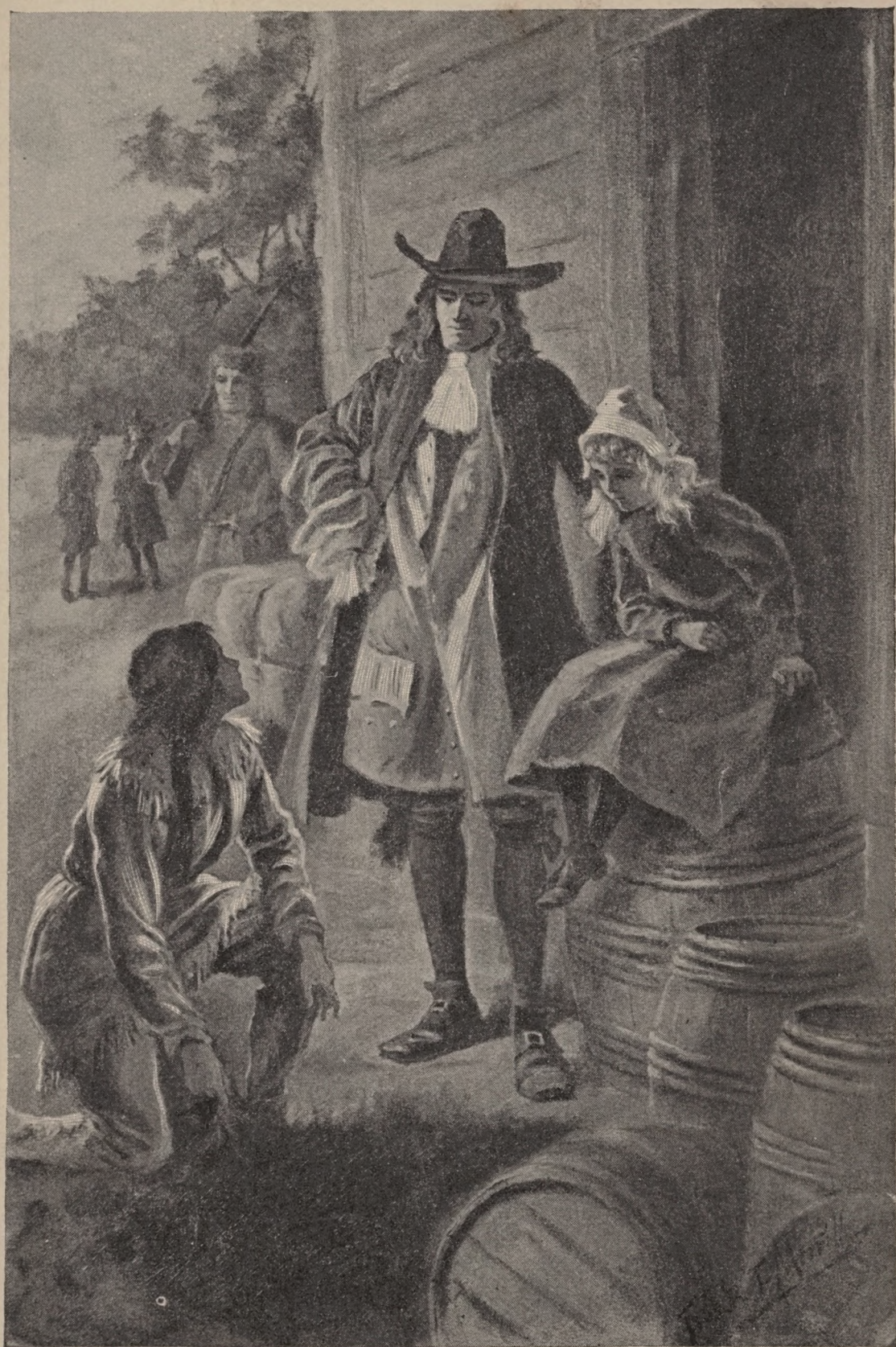
"Oh, father," exclaimed Betty ere the lad was more than out of hearing, "isn't he just the nicest Indian we've seen yet?"

"I am not sure that he is an Indian, Betty. Indeed, I think he is not."

"Oh, father, do you really? I was thinking that myself, but I was afraid to say it. He is very dark."

"The most of that is sunburn."

"Where did you learn to speak such good English?" Mr. Blew asked the lad as the bargaining for the skins had been completed.



“WHERE DID YOU LEARN TO SPEAK SUCH GOOD ENGLISH?” ASKED
MR. BLEW — Page 180

"I have been at both St. Augustine and Port Royal, master. At St. Augustine I lived five years with the priests. They taught me. I can both read and write."

"You are not an Indian?"

Mr. Blew felt the words to be unnecessary, but something impelled him to ask them. He had his answer by merely glancing into the lad's face.

He was a handsome boy, slim and graceful. His hair, instead of being straight and black as an Indian's, waved over his forehead; and though there had been a dye put upon it to darken it, the real color, a rich soft brown, was showing where the dye had worn away. His eyes were gray, large, and beautiful, with long lashes that swept his cheek.

It was an attractive face, though a sad one. There was a wistful look about the mouth and in the eyes now as he raised them to Mr. Blew's face.

"I am not, but I have lived so long with Indians I seem as one."

"Then you know naught of your parentage?"

Mr. Blew's heart beat with a quicker movement as he asked this question. He would not admit to himself why it did.

"I do not, master, but somehow the thought is with me that I am Spanish. I can at least speak that language better than any other. Father Jerome said it came to me with such ease I surely must have had knowledge of it before."

"No," declared Mr. Blew, suddenly, "you are English."

He continued to gaze at the youth, who was again very much embarrassed. But Mr. Blew did not note it now. He was pondering deeply. His lips were tremulous. A light shone in his eyes; then they grew misty.

"Father," said Betty, "are you going to cry?"

But he did not heed her.

“What do you know of your parents?” he asked the lad suddenly.

“Only what Chief Tsait-kopta, the Indian who raised me, has told me. He says that Father Jerome is mistaken; that my parents were French; that my father, mother, and all my family were killed in the massacre at Port Royal.”

“Oh,” cried Betty, with a shiver, as she placed her hands before her eyes, “how dreadful!”

The light in Mr. Blew’s eyes began to die out.

“Can this be true?”

“He asserts that it is; that he was there and *saw*.”

The lad’s voice trembled; a mist came into his eyes.

The light now went entirely out of Mr. Blew’s. They, too, looked as though they were about to be veiled by a curtain of

tears. What sad thoughts filled the heart of each! What hope had been stifled in that of Mr. Blew!

“Oh, father,” pleaded Betty, “don’t look so sad. What is the matter?”

He drew her to him and kissed her, then went on questioning the lad.

“By what name are you called?”

“Chief Tsait-kopta gave me the name of *Ton-ke-a-bau*. It means ‘Coming up out of the Water.’ He says that the Spaniard who slew my mother threw me in the waves, and that he rescued me.”

“Poor boy! poor boy!” said Betty.

She had leaned her head against her father’s shoulder, and her eyes were full of tears.

The lad looked at her. His own eyes were moist, his lips tremulous.

“You are good to pity me,” he said.

“I do pity you,” assured Betty.

“Is there no one else who has a claim

on you besides Chief Tsait-kopta?" asked Mr. Blew.

"Yes, master, there is one other, but I do not know just what it is. He comes now and then to our village, and more than once he and Chief Tsait-kopta have had a quarrel about me."

"Oh, father," cried Betty, "if they quarrel about him, may he not come and live here? No one would quarrel about him here, and all of us would like him. I know we should."

"He may not care to come, little woman."

"Oh, yes, you would, wouldn't you?" asked the little maid, appealing to the lad himself.

He hesitated ere he answered her. There was a tender, beautiful light in his eyes as he regarded her wistfully for a moment. Then the words with which he answered her would have done credit to a courtier.

"I would like to live anywhere that you were, little mistress, but —"

"Oh, why do you say 'but'?" cried Betty.

"Because, little mistress, there is Chief Tsait-kopta to be asked."

"Then we will ask him," declared Mistress Betty.

"Oh, but, little lady, he will never consent."

"Why will he not consent?"

Our little Betty was getting somewhat imperious now.

"Because, mistress, he does not wish me to leave him. He used to allow me to stay away as long as I pleased, but not now. He seems to fear that some one will take me from him. Not that I should be of much value to any one."

A smile of real humor lit up the boy's face now. He looked at Mr. Blew, and there was something, too, of a twinkle in his eye.

“Oh, yes, you would,” asserted Betty. “Any one would be glad of you.” She smiled upon him, then added: “I think it would be so nice to have you here. You could show us so many things, and help us with our games, and find things for us in the woods. Wouldn’t it be fine, father?”

“It looks that way, Betty.”

Then he turned somewhat impulsively to Ton-ke-a-bau.

“If you are not happy in your Indian home, and care to come here, there is a place for you.”

The lad’s face showed his pleasure.

“I thank you, my master; but it is not so that I can come. I know this very well.”

“I will go myself,” asserted impulsive Betty, “and ask Chief — Chief — what is his name?”

“Chief Tsait-kopta. It means ‘Mountain of Bears.’”

“Oh, that is a terrible name. Is he so very dreadful?”

The lad hesitated ere he answered:—

“There are those who think so, little mistress.”

“Well, he wouldn’t be dreadful to me. I’m sure of it. I am going to see him the first chance I get, may I not, father?”

“We’ll see about that, Mistress Betty. In the meantime maybe the chief will come here.”

“He has been talking about it,” said Ton-ke-a-bau.

But no sooner had he said it than he looked confused. He turned his eyes away from Mr. Blew. He would not even glance at Betty. Then he seemed as though he wanted to say something further; but he did not, at least not on the subject of the chief’s coming to the settlement.

However, Ton-ke-a-bau himself came

several times after that, and it was not always for the purpose of selling his skins. Twice he found the children while they were at play in the woods, and so pleasing did he make himself that other hearts besides Betty's were given him without reserve. Another time he played the gallant knight to Aunt Joan, rescuing her from a most tormenting situation. In attempting to secure some sprays of wild smilax she had fallen a victim of innumerable grass burrs, that covered her clothing and pierced her with their sharp spines. Not knowing how to deal with them, she would but remove one from her clothing to have it attach its needle-like spines all the more firmly into her finger. Just as she was in the midst of the torment, and the prospect of release seemed hopeless, Ton-ke-a-bau appeared. With a deftness and grace that surprised and pleased her, he soon had her free from the little

pests. Conversation had taken place between them. His brightness and gentleness quite won Aunt Joan. She had heard, too, his sad story. It stirred her heart in a way she could not define.

CHAPTER XIII

A SEARCH IN VAIN

It was only a few evenings after the meeting with Ton-ke-a-bau at the warehouse that they heard bad tidings. Captain John Godfrey, Master Grimbball, and two other gentlemen who had friends among the colonists at Dorchester came up the river from Charles Town. They had not come just to make a visit, though they had been planning such for some time. A far more urgent matter had brought them. Couriers from the South had arrived at Charles Town two days before. They brought disturbing news. Parties of Spaniards had been among the Indians, who held their habitations along the outskirts of the Carolina colonists. A

disturbed state was said to exist among the Westoes. The Kussoes had again made open threats against the whites. In view of this state of affairs the settlers of Dorchester were urged to seek the protection of the fortifications at Charles Town. Additional ships would come up the river, and their effects could be quickly removed. It ought to be done immediately, Captain Godfrey urged, for there was no telling what a day might bring forth.

While the colonists felt disturbed over these tidings, and two or three of them at once decided to prepare to leave for Charles Town, all the others stoutly declared they would stay and take the risks. They could not abandon their cattle and other business interests. Their fields, too, were to be prepared for the spring sowing. They had great confidence in the strength of their fortifications, as well as in their own ability to cope

successfully with even a large band of Indians.

The next morning Captain Godfrey and the other gentlemen from Charles Town, together with such of the colonists as had decided to return with them, took their departure. It was a sad farewell, at least on their part, for they firmly believed that they were leaving their friends and comrades to a dreadful fate.

However, as the days passed on, and there was still no sign of an outbreak among the Indians, a more assured feeling took possession of the colonists. So rapidly did this strengthen, that at the end of two weeks the more timid ones who had gone to Charles Town returned, and life at the settlement went on as before.

They resumed their building operations with vigor. The trade, too, with the Indians, grew brisker. The friendly Kia-

whas were friendlier than ever. If any mischief were brewing, they assuredly knew naught of it. They had taught the colonists many useful things, besides making them presents of a serviceable nature. They had given them seeds of corn, pease, and pumpkins, and had showed them how to put powdered fish-bones in their corn hills so as to make the earth fertile. The presents for the most part consisted of cooking vessels, made of clay and hardened by burning, and durable baskets woven of rushes and the pliant twigs of the willow.

Some of the Indians had shown a great fondness for the children, and now and then played with them. They taught them wonderful games of ball, and others that had running in them, and the chasing and capture of mock wild animals.

Charles had become the proud possessor of a bow and arrows that one of the Indians had made for him. It is true that, at Mr.

Blew's request, the arrows had been finished with blunt points; but this did not seem to lessen Charles's delight.

They brought Caroline, Betty, and the others beautiful pieces of beadwork, small hand-bags, moccasins, belts, and the like.

No wonder that Betty declared again and again that the Indians were "lovely."

At last Christmas had come. With what eagerness had the children looked forward to it. For each year in the old home that they could remember it had been celebrated in such a way as to bring great gladness to their hearts. They knew their parents so well, they were quite sure that, although they were in a new home, and many things about them were still in a rude and unfinished state, the present Christmas would be made to them as much like the old ones as possible.

Only two other families in the settlement besides that of the little Blews would know

what it was to celebrate Christmas. For these colonists, who had brought with them many of the old Puritan prejudices, looked with disfavor upon the English church festivals, especially Christmas. They deemed it a sin for the Saviour's birthday to be kept in any such manner.

But the Blews and the Roddeys and the Portmans had not been long enough away from England to grow out of the old merry way of keeping Christmas. Then, too, some of Mr. Blew's ancestors had come from Germany, and what splendid Christmases they have there!

One custom observed among the Blews was that of making wonder-balls. Every member, from Father Blew down to the youngest child, must have his wonder-ball. With what eagerness was the unravelling of one's ball watched by all the others! What shouts of laughter, or cries of commendation, as the case might demand,

greeted each new surprise as the windings of yarn were removed!

These balls were made of either cotton or of wool. They were often very large and altogether misshapen, for wound all through them, fastened here and there to the threads, were the most delightful gifts, or comic ones, as the giver had designed, each carefully wrapped in its muslin covering.

In addition to the wonder-balls the little Blews had their Christmas bush. It was a beautiful holly, with the red berries gleaming all through it, and lit by tiny candles which mother and Aunt Joan had made from the berries of the wax myrtle. Every one was remembered, even Simon Dale and Miranda Welch.

On Christmas Day there was visiting between the three families, an exchange of gifts, and in the early afternoon a dinner to which all sat down. Ere dispersing, portions of the Psalms were read, a part of the

catechism repeated by the younger ones, and hymns of praise sung by all.

Betty had confided to Aunt Joan that she wanted some gift placed on the holly bush for Ton-ke-a-bau; and she hoped up to the last she would see him, so that she might tell him in time what was to be done on Christmas Eve. But though she searched for him patiently, she did not find him. The little gift, however, — a pair of mittens, which she and Aunt Joan together had accomplished, — was laid away until he should appear. Betty even carried them about with her when she went to the river bank to play, or to bear kernels of the dried corn to Sir Thomas, who had gone into winter quarters, but who never failed to show himself in the opening of his lodge at her call.

All the time she was hoping she would see Ton-ke-a-bau somewhere. Her strongest hope was that he would come to one of the religious services, for he had promised

Aunt Joan he would. Thus the very next Sabbath after Christmas, as Betty started away from the house, even before the drum sounded, her gaze kept wandering from side to side, searching for Ton-ke-a-bau. She took up a position near the entrance to the fort, her eyes still wistfully regarding every face that went by. There were several Indians, more than the usual number, but nowhere was the lad to be seen.

“Why, darling,” said Aunt Joan as she came up beside her, “why did you run away so? I looked for you as I was starting, but they told me you had already gone. Why so early, my little Betty, for the drum has not even yet been sounded?”

“Oh, aunt, I came because I thought I might see Ton-ke-a-bau somewhere in the crowd on the outside of the fort. It is too bad he has not gotten his mittens.

I fear me the cold weather will be gone ere he knows aught of them."

"And have you found him yet, my Betty?"

"No, aunt."

"Perhaps, then, he was already within the fort when you came."

"No, aunt dear, for I saw the guardsmen open the great door. Not many have gone in yet besides the minister and the elder, and Ton-ke-a-bau was not one of them."

"Too bad," said Aunt Joan, for she, too, was disappointed.

"Well, perhaps he may come yet," she added consolingly; "and if not this Sabbath, then the next."

The great hall had taken on more of the appearance of a place of religious service. A pulpit had been improvised. In front of it was an elevated seat for the elder, and lower down a much larger one

for the deacons. The seats for the congregation were so arranged that the men and boys sat on one side, the women and girls on the other.

Soon after Aunt Joan and Betty entered two or three Indians came in. With one eye on the elder, Betty ventured to turn her head the least bit. The sight of the Indian dress made her heart thump. Ton-ke-a-bau, however, was not in the group.

But Betty could take no more stolen glances, for now the minister had risen, — the signal to all that they were to rise for the first long prayer.

I fear my little Betty did not hear much of the sermon that day, for her thoughts would constantly wander to Ton-ke-a-bau. But if she had tried to follow the minister, how weary she would have grown. For that day, it is recorded, he no less than three times turned the hour

glass — with its half hour's running of sand — while he was preaching. Do you think you would have liked to go to church in those days?

Betty could scarcely sit still while the elder was lining out the Psalm and all people were singing it, she was so impatient to have the services close that she might look around for Ton-ke-a-bau.

Again our Betty was doomed to disappointment, since nowhere in the crowd that day, either within the fort or without, was he to be seen.

However, despite these disappointments, Betty did not give up her search for her new friend. She had her father, too, on the lookout for him. He had promised her that, just the very first time Ton-ke-a-bau appeared at the warehouse, he would send him to the dwelling.

It was well for the peace of mind of our tender-hearted little Betty that she

did not have news of Ton-ke-a-bau at this period. For the tidings would have given her sore distress. The lad had fallen upon troublous times. The Indian to whom he had referred as having a claim upon him, which Chief Tsait-kopta so vigorously opposed, had begun to visit the village again after a long absence, and the old contention had broken out afresh between them. The Indian seemed to have brought some piece of information that disturbed the chief greatly. The result of this was that Ton-ke-a-bau was kept quite closely under the chief's eye and forbidden to leave the village. He wondered more than ever what the feud could be about, and how it was that he had so close a part in it.

CHAPTER XIV

TON-KE-A-BAU AT LAST

“OUR Betty is ailing this morning,” said Aunt Joan at breakfast.

“Why, what can be the matter?” asked the Beautiful, in sudden alarm.

“Anything serious with the little maid?” queried Mr. Blew, and his face, too, showed deep concern.

“I think it is no more than a cold,” reassured Aunt Joan. “She is shivery, and complains of an ache in her bones.”

“Then we must send at once for the elder,” said Mrs. Blew.

This referred to Elder Pratt, who had a turn to medicine, and was really, at that time, the only physician in the colony. He

was proud of his knowledge, which had been enlarged since coming to this new home through various hints and helps received from the Indians.

"He will be sure to give her brimstone," cried Charles.

"B'im'tone an' honey, oow!" squeaked Daniel.

His screwed-up face showed plainly that he had had some experience with the remedy.

"Or maybe it will be the powdered toad and wax," added Charles. "Phew! I had that once."

"Because it was bleeding at the nose that ailed you," said his mother. "The elder knows what he is about, for there's many a one here that might have been gone but for his remedies."

"But, Beautiful, I think it is very cruel the way he treats the frogs. He does not first kill them, and then dry them in the

oven as he once did, but since old Is-mul-ga, the Indian, told him it was a better way, he now hangs them up by the leg alive until they are dead and dried.”¹

The Beautiful shuddered. It was evident that she, too, could not approve the elder's method. But she did not say this. Instead, she spoke a little sternly to Charles.

“You must not criticise the elder. He no doubt does it because of the more virtue there will be in the frog's body.”

“Oh, but, Beautiful —”

“That is enough, Charles. Your breakfast awaits you. So soon as you have finished you must go and bid the elder here.”

When Elder Pratt saw Betty, he said it was not a cold that had seized upon her. The sneezing and shivering came from a

¹ Which is exactly the mode of proceeding jotted down by the elder himself in his diary and receipt book, still preserved by his descendants at Easton, Massachusetts.

run-down condition of her system. So he prescribed "the youlk of a new-layd eag and some good win [wine] mixt together every morning," by which it can easily be seen that Master William Pratt, though a ruling elder in the church, did not object to the use of wine. Doubtless he agreed with Paul that "a little" was good "for the stomach's sake," — the "stomach-ache," as a little friend of the writer once construed it.

Betty had deep regard for Elder Pratt. Though he knew so much and really had a stern look, yet he was very pleasant with children he liked, and our little maid was assuredly one of these. When, eight years afterward, he left the colony because of his health, our Betty, then a tall, fine lass of eighteen, shed many tears, and later very bitter ones indeed when the news came of the elder's death in 1713.

You can find his tomb to this day in the

old cemetery at Easton, Massachusetts. The lettering of the epitaph is very quaint and rude. Here it is as one copied it for me : —

HERE — LIES — the — BODY.
of — ELDER — WILLIAM —
PRATT — AGE 54 — DIED
IN — the — YEA — 1713 —
IANVARY — the — 13.

It was the fifth day of Betty's illness. She was evidently getting better; but whether or not on the elder's remedies, it would be hard to say. Doubtless the careful nursing of Aunt Joan and the Beautiful had much to do with the little girl's steady recovery. However, as they took no credit, and the elder took all, we'll have to let it go this way.

"Oh, Betty," cried Charles, rushing into the room in a manner that caused the Beautiful to reprove him, "who do you think has come?"

“Emily,” was Betty’s prompt rejoinder. “Oh, I am so glad. I haven’t seen her since the day before yesterday.”

“No; it is not Emily, though she said she was coming this afternoon.”

“Then it is Mistress Harriet Roddey. How kind of her to come to see a little girl like me. Oh, I do love Mistress Harriet. She is so gentle and good, and she has such a sweet voice and soft hand.”

“But it is not Mistress Harriet,” cried Charles. “You’ll have to guess again. ’Deed, Mistress Betty, it isn’t one o’ your kind at all. You needn’t think it is only Mistress So-and-so, or little Mistress This-and-that, who thinks enough of you to come when you are sick. Methinks there may be masters, too, liking to see our Betty.”

“It is never Captain Gabriel now!” and Betty clapped her hands with the delight of it. “Oh, me! me! me! how glad I am, so glad I could jump out of the bed and

skip about. But I thought our dear captain was yet in Charles Town."

"And so he is, Mistress Betty," said Charles, enjoying her mystified face.

"Then who *can* it be? You must tell me, Master Tease, for I cannot wait another minute. Oh, Beautiful, do you not think he ought to tell me?"

"Yes, my Betty, I do."

"Come, Charles, you must not longer hold your sister on the strain of guessing. It is not good for her that you should keep her in such suspense."

"Dear Beautiful," entreated Charles, "don't say I *must* tell her this. I want it to be a surprise. Let me whisper it to you, then you can see why I do not tell her."

"Ah!" exclaimed his mother when he had concluded. "Then hasten and bid him up. It will indeed be a glad surprise to our Betty, for she has been talking about him ever since she has been sick. But you

must not keep her longer thinking about it, Charles. She is feverish now from excitement."

"I will go at once for him, mother, for he is as anxious as Betty. He says he has something for her."

A few moments later the door opened, and Charles ushered in — Ton-ke-a-bau.

Such a light as came into Betty's face as she saw him. She sat right up in bed and held out her hand to him.

"Oh, Ton-ke-a-bau," she said, "I am so glad you have come! I thought we were not going to see you again."

"It is not that I did not want to come, little mistress," he replied, and now the face that had brightened so at Betty's welcome grew sad again. "I have been kept away."

"By Chief Tsait-kopta?" asked Betty, quickly.

His eyes fell before her inquiring gaze, but he answered her after a moment: —

“Yes, little mistress.”

“Oh,” declared Betty, “I don’t believe I am going to like him when I see him. He ought not to do that way. We have all wanted to see you, and so much. Is it not true, Beautiful?”

She had turned to her mother now, who, she suddenly remembered, did not know Ton-ke-a-bau. But Betty had talked to her so much about the lad, that she, too, had more than once expressed the wish that she might see him.

“Beautiful,” continued Betty, “this is Ton-ke-a-bau.” Then she added with the utmost simplicity, “Isn’t he nice?”

The lad blushed at the words; but though they embarrassed him, they did not make him awkward.

He turned and bowed with the grace of a young knight to the beautiful lady sitting on the other side of the bed. He had learned this from seeing gentlemen at

Charles Town and St. Augustine make this courteous obeisance when in the presence of ladies.

The Beautiful gave him her hand. She had already given him her eyes, and from the moment he had entered. Their glance was still fixed upon his face with a light deep and glowing. It was the expression of eyes looking upon that which not only pleased them, but pleased them greatly.

Certainly he was a picture fair to look upon as he stood there with his chin well up now, his beautiful head uncovered and bare of any of the ornamentation one would have expected to see with his Indian dress.

He had prepared himself with scrupulous care for this visit. The hunting shirt of buckskin was beautifully embroidered with beads, so, too, were the fringed leggings and moccasins, and all were new. About his throat was a collar of wampum, exquisitely

wrought and finished with a fringe of elk's teeth.

His whole attire showed a neatness and cleanliness altogether unusual in the Indians who frequented the settlement. The eyes of the Beautiful were quick to note this. The dye with which his hair had once been stained had been allowed to wear off completely, so that now his hair fell to his shoulders in curling waves of its own glossy brown color.

He was indeed a handsome lad, especially as he stood there now, regarding Mrs. Blew with eyes that shone like wells of light, the long dark lashes curled upward from his cheeks.

"Oh, Ton-ke-a-bau," said Betty again, "I have been wanting to see you so. You can never guess what I have for you. It is something Aunt Joan and I made, and we have been keeping it all this time. Yes, six weeks and more. Just think how

long since you were here," and she looked at him again reproachfully.

"I know, little mistress, but Ton-ke-a-bau could not help it. I am only come now because the chief himself sent me, and with a message to the fort. But I wanted to come all that time, not only that I might see you, but that I might bring this. You, little mistress, have said you have something for me. So, too, have I for you."

"What can it be?" asked Charles, who for some time had felt his curiosity excited by the little casket, skilfully wrought of pine bark, that Ton-ke-a-bau so carefully grasped.

"I do believe it is something *alive*," he added, as he noted the many tiny holes bored in the box as though for air.

In the centre of one side there was a hole very much larger than the others, at least an inch in diameter.

"See! see! Let Dinkie see," cried Daniel, as he, too, approached Ton-ke-a-bau, and

tried to peer through the larger hole in the box.

At that very moment, Ton-ke-a-bau having turned the box so that the portion containing this opening inclined downward, a small, rounded head with glittering black eyes, and tapering to a slender neck, suddenly darted outward.

“Oh, attienake! attienake!” cried Daniel, and sprang back at once toward his mother.

“What does he say?” asked Ton-ke-a-bau of Charles.

“He says that it is a rattlesnake.”

“Not so, little master,” quickly exclaimed Ton-ke-a-bau. “Surely you do not believe I would bring little mistress anything so dreadful as that?” and he looked reproachfully at Daniel.

“Me see eye! me see head! Oh, wiggie [wiggle], wiggie so, like nakie [snakie],” and he moved his finger from side to side.

"It has a head like a snake," declared Charles; "I saw it too."

While these words were passing back and forth, the Beautiful had been regarding Ton-ke-a-bau anxiously. Betty, too, seemed shy of the pine-bark casket.

"I can't believe, young friend," said the Beautiful, "that you would bring my little girl anything unsafe for her to handle, or that would even annoy her."

"No, lady, no," he quickly assured her, and his gray eyes looked at her in a way that made her at once regret she had had for so much as a moment this doubt of him.

"What I have for little mistress will please her greatly, and it can do her no harm, believe me. It is very gentle. I have myself tamed it. It will soon learn her voice and love her, and will come at her call. Even now it knows many little ways that will amuse her, and it can be taught others."

“Oh, what *is* it?” cried Betty.

Her eyes were shining, her hand extended. It seemed she could scarcely wait till he opened the pine-bark receptacle, so great was her curiosity now concerning its contents.

What had Ton-ke-a-bau brought her?

“See, little mistress, see,” he cried.

He had slid back a small panel now, and the words were no more than uttered when out popped a tiny brown head with eyes like two shining beads, and following it a body almost as round as a saucer, though only half so large. This body, too, was brown, though darker than the head, and sprinkled over it were spots of yellow.

“A cooter! a cooter!” almost shouted Charles. “Look out, Betty, he is going to fall on you.”

But Ton-ke-a-bau was too careful for that. His hand was outstretched quickly, and the next moment the little brown and yellow

terrapin slid down gently to a place beside Betty.

There it rested perfectly still, with the exception of the tiny head which swayed slowly from side to side, its eyes regarding Betty with an inquiring look, that said plainly, "What will you do with me?"

She put out her hand fearlessly and stroked it.

It turned its head to one side to receive the caress and with evident pleasure.

"See, little mistress!" exclaimed Ton-ke-a-bau.

He made a clucking sound. In quick response the terrapin turned over upon its back and lay with feet and tail poked out from its shell, the latter wiggling in a manner that caused Daniel to shriek out his enjoyment.

Ton-ke-a-bau clucked once more, and over turned Master Terrapin again, this time righting himself on his little yellow stomach.

There were other fine tricks that he knew, in all of which Ton-ke-a-bau exhibited him to the overwhelming delight of the children.

As to Betty, she could not thank Ton-ke-a-bau enough for this wonderful pet. He told her how to care for it, allowing it to have a small tub of water at hand into which it might go when it desired.

For a time it seemed that the little brown and yellow terrapin, to which Betty gave the name of Prince Clarence, would quite outrival Sir Thomas.

CHAPTER XV

INNOCENT FOR GUILTY

THE spring had come again. It was now fifteen months since the little colony from Dorchester, Massachusetts, had landed on the banks of the Ashley. So rapidly had the new Dorchester grown that it was now a smart village of nearly one thousand souls. For other pilgrims had from month to month followed that first courageous little band.

All this time the Indians had remained friendly, though rumors continued to come that had in them threats of an uprising against the whites of more than one tribe. There was uneasiness, too, with reference to the Spaniards, whose movements of late had been very suspicious. A sloop had been seen only a mile or so below the fort.

When a scouting party from the village went to investigate matters, the vessel had disappeared.

One point of information acquired by the colonists had given them more unrest than any other. It had come through Chi-co-la, and had been confided to Mr. Blew. It was to the effect that Tsait-kopta, chief of the Westoes, had undoubtedly assumed a threatening attitude toward the colonies.

He claimed to have a grievance which he had made an effort to have adjusted. As he had no just ground for what he demanded, no attention had been paid to his claims, the last one of which had been borne to the commandant of the fort by Ton-ke-a-bau on the morning he had paid the visit to Betty.

He had not been back to the village since. Betty had sore grief over this when she learned the cause of his absence. Even the Beautiful had a longing to see the handsome, engaging boy again. Only Prince

Clarence seemed indifferent to his continued absence. He had adapted himself with the utmost content to his new surroundings, and was as deeply attached to his present owner as though the former one had never existed.

One morning, at the beginning of April, Betty and Charles had been sent to look for two stray calves. They were warned, on account of the disturbing rumors concerning the Indians, not to go beyond a certain limit. But so interested did they become in the search, that they were much beyond the bound prescribed ere they realized it. They had just started to retrace their steps, when they heard a sound faint, it is true, but sufficient to attract their attention. Looking up, this is what they saw : —

An Indian, his face smeared with paint, a bunch of eagle feathers in his long black hair, and clad in fringed buckskin shirt and

leggings was creeping slowly and cautiously through a tangle of myrtle bushes that lined the bank of the creek. Across his shoulders was hung his quiver of arrows, fastened by a deerskin thong. In one hand he carried a bow and in the other a harpoon, at the end of which was a sharp-pointed barb.

As Charles and Betty stood and watched him from the corner of a cane-brake not more than fifty feet away, their hearts began to beat rapidly. Was he not bent on mischief? Might he not even kill them? How quickly they began to repent that they had come so far away from the clearing. Yes, they had strayed on and on, until now they were almost upon one of the dreadful Indians. Charles, at least, was sure of it.

“Oh, Betty, if he keeps straight on in this way, he’ll be sure to see us presently. Sister, sister, what are we to do?”

Charles had grown very white. He turned his head away suddenly. I am not sure but that he was planning to run. But the next words from Betty reassured him.

“He’s not coming this way, brother,” she whispered back, “I’m sure he’s not. There, he is turning more away from us. Oh, I don’t b’lieve he’d hurt us even if he saw us. He really seems a very nice sort of Indian.”

Despite his fears, Charles felt inclined to laugh. He did give Betty the ghost of a smile.

“I do believe, Mistress Elizabeth,” he said, “that you would think the Indian who was about to slay you was a ‘nice sort of Indian,’ ” — here he turned to mimic Betty, — “or that he had ‘a lovely smile’ as the Cacique had. Why — ”

Charles broke off suddenly and almost exclaimed aloud in the excitement that seized him.

“Oh, now I know what that old fellow is after. Come, Betty, let us creep nearer and watch him. I’ve found out who he is. I’ve seen him before. It’s Pan-tau-tle, or, ‘Poor Buffalo,’ as they call him. He’s a glum one, and so the other Indians don’t like him much, neither do our folks. I heard them talking about it at the warehouse. I don’t know what he’s done, but they’ve told him not to come within the village. I wonder he’s so bold as to be this near.”

As Charles held out his hand to guide Betty through the brake, she said:—

“I think we oughtn’t to follow him, Charles. It wouldn’t be kind to watch him. Then it might make him very angry if he saw us.”

“Oh, he’ll not see us. You can trust me for that. Do come on, Betty, it will be such fun to watch what he is going to do, and it’s no harm.”

Betty allowed herself to be piloted

through the canes by Charles, though it was still with a feeling of reluctance. All the while she kept wondering what it could be that the Indian was going to do in which Charles was taking such an interest. She soon found out.

Pan-tau-tle might have been at other times a very disagreeable Indian, but he certainly was not at present bent on any errand of mischief. It was a very harmless pursuit, indeed, since it meant no more than the adding to his breakfast. For in the past two days Poor Buffalo had travelled a long distance, with nothing better through all that time with which to stay his hunger than the parched corn in his buckskin pouch. He wanted now a trout from the creek. Rolled in leaves and baked in the ashes, it would furnish a meal fit for the Cacique himself.

He knew a little cove, deep and almost silent, save for the gurgling of the water as

it lapped against the embankment. Trout were occasionally seen near the surface, as they came upward to sport in the sunlight. A noiseless foot, a quick eye, a deft stroke, and Pan-tau-tle would have his breakfast.

Just as the Indian had reached the creek's bank, Charles and Betty, after creeping cautiously through the cane-brake, came to where they had a clear view of him.

He could in turn have seen them, but for the intentness of the gaze he had fixed upon the water.

"The old fellow is after a fish," said Charles. "Just watch me spoil his fun."

As he spoke he picked up a small chunk of light wood.

"Oh, Charles, what can you be going to do?" whispered Betty.

There was entreaty in the words as well as question. It said plainly, "Oh, if it is something wrong you are thinking of, please don't do it."

But Charles paid no heed. He felt a very brave man then, much braver than he did a moment later.

Pan-tau-tle crept nearer the edge of the creek. Almost breathlessly he leaned over it. Yes, there were his fish, two as fine fellows as ever served for an Indian's breakfast. He singled out the one he desired. Then he straightened himself; his right arm flew upward. In another moment the trout would have been transfixed by the sharp barb at the end of the reed harpoon. But at that moment a chunk of light wood came whirling through the air and fell with a loud splash into the stream, both trout instantly disappearing.

"Fly, Betty!" Charles whispered hurriedly, and waited not a moment himself.

To do him justice, he thought that Betty was close behind him.

With a cry of anger Pan-tau-tle looked up, but in the wrong direction. When he

did look in the right one, this is what he saw : —

A small figure standing well out from the edge of the cane-brake, and with hand upraised exactly as though it had hurled the missile. This was all the more conclusive, since there was no other living thing in sight. Poor Betty, so overcome was she both by Charles's act and his flight, that she had remained for an instant speechless and motionless. Then she had started toward Pan-tau-tle as though she would beg his forgiveness; but overcome by doubt as to how she would be received, she had stopped again. It was exactly at this moment that Pan-tau-tle saw her, even as she had her hand upraised to him in entreaty.

“Hi-ya! hi-ya!” cried Pan-tau-tle, his eyes in a blaze. Then he sprang toward her, the harpoon with its glistening barb upraised.

Had our poor little Betty's last hour come? Was she really to suffer death in this horrible way because of Charles's deed?

Betty sank pale and trembling upon the sand, but she still kept her eyes fixed steadily upon Pan-tau-tle. It was indeed a terrible sight on which she gazed. Even she, brave and gentle little lady that she was, could see nothing either "nice" or "lovely" in it. The Indian's savage face, its ferocity heightened by the smearings of paint, his eyes ablaze with anger, the uplifted spear—all these were enough to strike terror to the stoutest heart. What, then, must our little Betty have felt?

Something in the child's gaze arrested Pan-tau-tle. The light in his eyes waned, the spear dropped suddenly downward. It was doubtless, after all, that even if she had not looked at him so, he could not have done the terrible thing he seemed about

to do. He was not such a bad Indian at heart. Misunderstanding and man's injustice had helped to make him what he was.

He approached Betty and stooped over her. Then he grasped her suddenly, and with many deep grunts started with her toward the water. Was he going to throw her into the creek, giving her a chance to get out again? He assuredly meant to punish her in some way, Betty felt convinced.

It never occurred to Betty to try to make herself understood by him, and to let him know that she had had nothing to do with the trick that had been played on him, whereby he had lost his breakfast. In that event, she would draw his attention to Charles, and perhaps upon the whole settlement. He would doubtless go away, arouse the Indians, and return with them for an attack on the village. She would far rather suffer herself than to have such a dreadful thing as this happen.

Pan-tau-tle was very angry. She could see it, but she did not now believe that he would kill her. She knew a little about swimming; Simon Dale had taught her. She might manage to keep her head above the water. The current would carry her slowly down toward the fort; then she would be seen. But perhaps, after all, the Indian meant only to dip her, as a punishment, and he would himself take her out of the water. She kept quite still in his grasp, not making any effort to struggle, neither did she scream. Yet our little Betty was frightened now. How could she help but be? Her face was very white, and her mouth had a piteous, drawn look. Her heart was jumping so that it seemed Pan-tau-tle must surely think it a bird beating its wings against him.

It was no wonder Betty was frightened, despite the confidence she had both ex-

pressed and shown in the Indians. For this was such a forbidding-looking Indian, and he kept exclaiming to himself so angrily all the while.

He reached the creek bank with Betty, and the little girl fully expected the next moment to feel the shock of the plunge and to go down under the dark cold water. She shut her eyes thinking of it.

Pan-tau-tle lifted her in his arms. They were going straight up over his head. There! he surely was about to throw her now. But, no; suddenly he lowered her, and looked for a moment into her face. Then he shook his head, and seemed uncertain what to do. And the longer Pan-tau-tle looked into Betty's gray eyes, the more uncertain he grew.

He grunted with dissatisfaction; with some disgust, too. These grunts surely were meant for himself, for he didn't look dissatisfied with Betty. There was



RAISING HIS HARPOON, PAN-TAU-TLE STEPPED AWAY FROM BETTY
Page 235

more of an astonished look on his face as he fastened his eyes on her.

Suddenly he seemed to have come to a decision, for he gave Betty a whirl in his arms, and brought her to a seat on the ground. He didn't let her come down with such dreadful force, but there was enough to shake her up somewhat, and she gave her tongue a painful little snip as her teeth came together. The tears were about to rush into her eyes, but she made a brave effort and held them back.

Raising his harpoon, Pan-tau-tle stepped away from Betty. He still looked steadily into her eyes. Again Betty's never wavered, though they were dewy with a suspicion of tears.

Higher went the harpoon, then with sudden, whirring sound it flew straight toward Betty and, entering a fold of her frock, pinned her to the ground.

CHAPTER XVI

RESCUE

BETTY still did not cry out, though a convulsive shudder passed through her, and she pressed her fingers over her eyes.

Pan-tau-tle sprang to her, drew her hands away from her eyes, and looked at her again closely, steadily.

Then he said : —

“Girl funny. No cry. No scream. No give noise any kind. Make feel bad,” indicating himself.

Then, wagging his head with sudden conviction : —

“Girl it no do. No 'fraid 'nough. Me know. Boy — yes ; all boy.”

With these words he turned to scrutinize the edges of the cane-brake, as though he expected to find the boy there. But no boy was in sight, so he grunted again.

“Make heap trouble for girl. Then run leave her. Pan-tau-tle know. Blind not see before. No girl hand throw chunk so heap far, so straight. No girl *so mean*.”

But though he had come to this conclusion, he did not relax his vigilance over Betty. He was a bad Indian and had been made so chiefly through the tormenting of others. So he liked to torment in return.

He gave a sudden low whoop that made Betty start so she almost fell again into his arms. And no wonder, for though the whoop was low, it had been given almost in her face.

A great idea had struck Pan-tau-tle. It spurred him to all the quicker action be-

cause it had used as a prick the thought of revenge.

The white people had treated him badly. They believed the tales the Indians told on him. They had forbidden him the settlement. Therefore he had no market for his skins, unless he carried them all the way to Charles Town. They had made him suffer, now he would strike back. Betty individually was for the time forgotten. He thought only of his revenge. Yes, he would strike through her. Why not, since now she was in his power?

All the while Pan-tau-tle had been going through these manœuvres with Betty he had kept his eye on the settlement, or rather the direction of the settlement, for naught of it could be seen from this point. He was evidently not so sure as to what had become of the boy. He might be lingering about, but it was more likely that, after discovering the plight

of the girl, he had gone to summon aid. He, Pan-tau-tle, had been very foolish to stay there so long.

With a sudden movement he drew his harpoon from Betty's dress. Then, slinging it over his back, he made ready to grasp Betty. If he really intended to carry out the plan of bearing her into captivity, then the sooner he acted the better for him.

He leaned over Betty. In another moment he would have slung her to his shoulder as he so often did the deer he had slain. But in that moment he felt his arms pinioned from behind.

"Wretch," spoke a voice almost in his ear. "What does this mean? What are you about to do?"

Pan-tau-tle gave no reply. Instead, he turned himself, as well as he could, and began to grapple with the one who held him.

It was Ton-ke-a-bau.

The moment Betty saw him, a glad cry escaped her. Ah, now indeed a friend had come.

But in a few moments more Betty's glad cry was changed to one of terror. For Pan-tau-tle was much the larger and stronger of the two, and he was now twisting Ton-ke-a-bau about in a way that Betty could see gave the lad great pain.

He was a plucky lad, however, and would not give up the hope—now, alas! growing smaller and smaller—of overcoming Pan-tau-tle and rescuing Betty.

Unable longer to endure the sight of Ton-ke-a-bau's suffering, Betty courageously sprang to assist him all in her small power.

She tugged and tore at Pan-tau-tle, even biting his hands in the hope of getting him to release Ton-ke-a-bau. Betty cried about this afterward, and wondered again and again if she had hurt Pan-tau-tle.

"Oh, I do hope I didn't," she sobbed out on her mother's breast. "It is dreadful if I did. All I thought about was to get him to let go of Ton-ke-a-bau."

The struggle was growing desperate for Ton-ke-a-bau, for Pan-tau-tle was now deeply enraged. The lad tried to speak to him, to get a cessation of hostilities long enough to parley with him. But in vain. He would pay no heed. The lad had dared to make the attack upon him, to interfere with what he had planned. He should now suffer for it.

"Oh, please," begged Betty, "oh, please, Master Indian, let him go. You will kill him."

The words were no more than spoken when a sound caught Betty's ear. A canoe was coming up the creek. Whoever rowed, rowed swiftly. She gave a little shout.

It was immediately answered. Then

came another and another in the direction of the creek.

Pan-tau-tle, too, heard. What brought joy to Betty brought alarm to him. It meant that others were coming, others who were enemies. As they were no doubt many, the only safe way for him was in flight. But the boy still clung to him, though his grasp had weakened. In a few moments more Pan-tau-tle would have him completely at his mercy. But those moments meant delay, a fatal delay, beyond doubt, for Pan-tau-tle. For while the boy clung to him, there was no chance of flight.

Rendered desperate, Pan-tau-tle reached for the knife in his belt. I want to believe that he meant only to strike at the boy's hands and arms so as to cause him to let go his hold. For Pan-tau-tle knew at whom he struck, and there was reason why, despite that he had been the one

attacked, his hand should have been stayed.

But Pan-tau-tle waited to weigh no reason, to be swayed by no sentiment. All of which he thought at this moment was of the danger that menaced him.

He raised the knife. It was descending, when Ton-ke-a-bau's body swayed aside. With a sickening sound the knife sank into the lad's breast.

With a groan he relaxed his hold upon Pan-tau-tle and fell over toward Betty, the blood from the wound spattering her dress.

She gave a cry of anguish, and springing toward him, caught his head in her arms.

At that very moment Charles came running up the bank, and behind him Chico-la and one of the Indian hunters who supplied game to the village.

Chico-la was just in time to see Pan-

tau-tle's fleeing form as he escaped through the cane-brake. With a whoop he sprang after him. But in a short while, realizing how futile would be the effort to overtake him, he returned. A thought, too, of the wounded brought him back.

"Oh, sister," cried Charles, "what has happened? How wretched I feel because of what I did, now that such trouble has come of it. As soon as I found you were not with me, I ran to get help so as to go back for you. I knew that if harm had come, I could do nothing by myself. I found Chi-co-la and San-ka-do-ta fishing not far away. You can believe I brought them here in a hurry. Oh, sister, tell me quickly that you are not hurt."

He was on his knees beside her now, and pouring out words of solicitude and of contrition.

"No, Charles, dear," Betty replied quickly, "there has no harm come to

me. But poor Ton-ke-a-bau, I fear me he is terribly hurt. See how the blood flows !”

“How did it happen? What was he doing?”

As quickly as she could Betty told him the story of how Pan-tau-tle was making ready to carry her away, when Ton-ke-a-bau had appeared and sought to prevent him.

She had no more than begun the story when Chi-co-la returned. He listened intently to every word, though from the instant he had reached the wounded lad he had been busy in the effort to stop the flow of blood.

His face was working strangely, and no sooner was Betty's story finished than he began to murmur words none of which were understood by Betty and Charles.

Ton-ke-a-bau, too, had shown strange emotion at sight of Chi-co-la. Prostrated

as he was, he had given expression to a sharp exclamation as soon as his eyes had rested upon the Indian's face. The next moment he shut his eyes from weakness, for his strength was ebbing fast.

So steadily had the blood flowed from the wound that by this time it had stained a whole breadth of Betty's dress. Though he had closed his eyes, Ton-ke-a-bau had not lost consciousness. He opened them again directly, making a brave effort to smile upon Betty.

"How brave he is!" said Charles. "Oh, Betty, I can never forgive myself for the trouble I have brought on the innocent. And to think he was trying to save *you*! But for him you would have been carried into captivity. If that had really happened, how could I ever have stood it?"

Betty reached out her hand and put it on his. She tried to soothe him in this

way; but she really had no words at that moment with which she could comfort him. Her heart was so full of Ton-ke-a-bau and his pain. He had suffered all this for her.

"I am ashamed, too, of what I did," confessed Charles. "I can see now how bad it was. The poor Indian was no doubt hungry. He wanted his breakfast. It was outrageous the way I acted. He had cause to be angry. But Betty," after a pause, "what made him turn upon you?"

"He thought I did it."

"Oh, Betty! Betty!"

Charles felt worse than ever now. How could he forgive himself, even if others forgave him?

Chi-co-la had at last bound Ton-ke-a-bau's wound, and in such a way that the blood had ceased to flow.

"To boat," he said to San-ka-do-ta. "Move to boat."

The Indian prepared at once to give the assistance.

“Care! care!” said Chi-co-la.

He had reason for this solicitude, for he knew better than any of the others how easy it would be for the wound to be made to bleed afresh. The smallest jarring, the first misstep, the least awkward movement, each held its danger.

But at last they reached the canoe safely, and placed Ton-ke-a-bau gently upon the bed of pine boughs which Charles had gathered and arranged.

The lad was no more than placed therein and Betty and Charles, who had remained upon the bank, were preparing to follow, when they heard the noise of many trampling feet and the clang of swords.

“The men from the fort,” cried Charles.
“I thought they would come soon.”

For ere Chi-co-la had made ready to

go with Charles to Betty's rescue, the Indian had, following a promise made to Mr. Blew and Captain Gabriel, sent an arrow speeding straight and swift toward the fort. To the head of the arrow was attached a tiny thread of scarlet silk. It said: "There is danger to helpless ones. Come, and with armed men." In other words, it meant that some one, or ones, whose duties carried them beyond the settlement, had been surprised by the savages.

True to its aim, the arrow had fallen almost at the feet of a sentry who patrolled the south wall. It took but a few moments to get the small company of men together; but owing to some doubt as to the direction whence the arrow had come, there had been a tormenting delay.

As the little company of men, with Captain Gabriel Dill marching big and brave and handsome at the head, came

into view, Betty, forgetting even Ton-ke-a-bau for the moment, rushed to them, and, grasping her dear captain's hand, fell against him weeping.

"Oh, it has been so dreadful!" she sobbed; "but it is over now, only Ton-ke-a-bau — oh, poor Ton-ke-a-bau!"

She was sobbing against his breast now, for he had raised her.

"Little maid! little maid!" he cried, and his face grew suddenly very white, "so it was *you* in trouble? What has happened? Has there been aught of harm to befall *thee*?"

"An Indian captured me. He was about to bear me away but Ton-ke-a-bau came. Then there was a terrible struggle, and oh, he has been badly wounded."

"Who has, my Betty?"

"Ton-ke-a-bau. He is there in the boat. They were just getting ready to carry him to the village."

She gave him a more connected account as she hastened with him to the canoe, but never once did she implicate Charles. He had suffered enough, she thought. It would never do for Captain Gabriel to speak words of anger to him now.

Captain Gabriel's life as sailor and soldier in times of war had given him a knowledge of surgery.

He looked closely at Ton-ke-a-bau, examined the rude bandage Chi-co-la had improvised, and spoke a few cheering words to the lad. Then he said commendingly to Chi-co-la:—

“You have done well. The main thing is to stop the flow of blood until we can get him to the village, and in that you have succeeded admirably.”

Then, as he stepped ashore, he added:—

“Push off now. There must be no delay. We'll meet you at the landing.”

There was a crowd gathered about the

wharf, as the canoe bearing the two Indians, the wounded boy, and the two children came in sight, for Captain Gabriel had sent a runner on ahead, who had quickly spread the news of what had happened.

Mr. Blew was the first to reach the side of the boat, for, as though with one understanding, the others all stepped aside to give him free passage.

Soon Betty was clasped in his arms, and pouring into his ear in broken utterances the story as she had given it to Captain Gabriel.

Charles greeted his father with a shamed face, although he knew that as yet, thanks to Betty, no shade of suspicion had fallen on him. But Mr. Blew did not note Charles's abashed appearance, for, next to Betty, his thoughts were engrossed with the wounded boy who had risked his life that the little maid might be saved a dreadful fate.

“Poor lad! poor lad!” he said as he bent above him tenderly.

There was that in the gray eyes, now misty with pain, that stirred his heart strangely.

“How brave of you to do what you did,” he continued. “A great debt is mine.”

Then he added to those who seemed undecided as to what disposition to make of the wounded boy:—

“Carry him to my house. And you, Captain Gabriel, will you not come? For your skill may be needed ere the elder can arrive.”

When they bore Ton-ke-a-bau to the house, the Beautiful was there at the door. Mr. Blew had despatched a messenger not only to assure her as to Betty and Charles, but also to request of her that a bed might be made ready for the lad.

Ton-ke-a-bau had won her regard before, but now as she saw him lying upon the

litter wounded, and remembered what he had risked that her little Betty might be restored to her, all her heart went out to him.

A soft, sweet light was in her eyes as she bent toward him. It held yearning, too, and tenderness.

“My brave boy,” she said, “I fear me it has gone hard with thee.”

“Not so, dear lady,” he replied, seeking to reassure her. “The wound is not so bad It is —”

But, as though to belie his words, his face at that very moment became of an ashen hue. A gasping sound escaped him, and the next moment his forehead fell against the arm she had outstretched to him. Ton-ke-a-bau had fainted.

CHAPTER XVII

THE ATTACK

FOR a brief space the Beautiful believed that he was dead, and a sharp pain smote her heart. But, as in a little while she noted a slight tremor of the chest, hope revived.

“Take him quickly to the room,” she said to the men who bore him.

Once there she would let no one assist her at first save Aunt Joan. For she knew just what to do to revive him, she declared.

As his buckskin shirt was opened that freer breathing might be given him, how white was the flesh that gleamed beneath, strikingly so in contrast with the sun-bronzed hue of face and hands.

The Beautiful looked at her husband, who only the moment before had entered

and stood beside her. Her eyes were swimming in tears.

“He was torn from some mother’s arms,” she said in husky voice. “Oh, the pity of it!”

“Nay,” replied Mr. Blew, gently, and his own voice was tremulous, “she died before she knew the anguish of his loss.”

Then he told her briefly the sad story as Ton-ke-a-bau had related it to him.

“Poor lad! poor lad!” she said. “If he recovers, we may —”

She did not finish, but her husband knew what struggled in her heart. He felt something of the same longing within his own.

As Ton-ke-a-bau once more opened his eyes, smiling, though feebly, upon her, almost at the moment consciousness returned, Mrs. Blew relinquished her place at his side to Captain Gabriel with many apologies.

“Say naught of that to me, dear lady,”

he replied. "It was your gentler hand and quicker wit that were needed then."

All this while Chi-co-la had been acting strangely.

He had helped to bring Ton-ke-a-bau to the house, and he it was who had removed him swiftly, yet gently and tenderly, from the litter to the bed.

As he had noted the feeling with which Mrs. Blew looked upon the wounded lad as they paused at the door, a sudden change had swept over Chi-co-la's face. He muttered, too, to himself as he had muttered when bending above Ton-ke-a-bau on the banks of the creek. While Mrs. Blew and Aunt Joan were engaged in the effort to restore Ton-ke-a-bau to consciousness, Chi-co-la had moved about the room restlessly. He gesticulated, too, now and then, with some violence. But no one heeded him. All were too intent upon the boy.

Now, as Mr. Blew stood beside his wife, and the two looked with such distress upon the suffering boy, and spoke to each other of him, Chi-co-la's emotion seemed well-nigh uncontrollable. More than once he started toward them, but each time checked himself. Each time, too, he murmured the same words. These words, unlike the others had been, were spoken in English. They were: "Wait! wait! Chi-co-la must wait."

There was evidently something on Ton-ke-a-bau's mind. More than once he motioned feebly toward the buckskin pouch attached to his belt, which had now been removed and hung on a peg in the wall. But when Mr. Blew offered to give it to him, thinking there might be something within he desired, he shook his head as though he had changed his mind.

Five days had passed. Ton-ke-a-bau was slowly improving. Both the elder

and Captain Gabriel had agreed that, with care and patience, he would get through all right. Soothing remedies had been applied, and already the wound showed evidence of beginning to heal. Both, too, gave the same caution, the lad must lie perfectly still. He must not attempt even to sit up, as any sudden exertion might open the wound afresh.

Chi-co-la had insisted on installing himself as nurse, and assuredly none could have been more watchful and faithful. He moved about the bed with noiseless tread, and his hand was gentleness itself in its ministrations. But both Mr. and Mrs. Blew had come to note something strange in Chi-co-la's behavior.

Despite his quiet manner when in the lad's presence, they had detected an air of restlessness, of uneasiness, about him at other times, which disturbed them. It seemed as though he were on the watch

for something or some one. Once or twice, too, they had become aware that he was intently regarding them, and they had heard him muttering to himself as though he were undecided with reference to a step he desired to take. When a day or so later, he told Mr. Blew that he had cause to know there was great danger threatening the fort, and besought him to have all redouble their vigilance, they believed then that this was what had been on his mind.

The colonists, too, had received indications of a condition of affairs that had given them no little uneasiness. For Tsait-kopta, on learning of the presence of Tonke-a-bau in the village, had gone into a terrible rage, declaring that he did not believe the story of the lad's wounding, but that he was forcibly detained.

It had all come out now. At the very time that he had been on his way to the

fort with a sealed message from Tsait-kopta the lad had come upon Pan-tau-tle in the act of bearing Betty away, and the struggle which had cost him his wound had ensued.

The lad did not know the nature of the message, though he had suspected it was one of grave import. For by this time he was well aware of the chief's attitude toward the colonists at Dorchester.

Thus, on the very day of his wounding, he had begged that a messenger might go to the chief, acquainting him of the accident and of his present helplessness. He also wished to entreat the chief to await patiently the day he, Ton-ke-a-bau, was able to return, when explanation would be made concerning the message.

When Chi-co-la promptly volunteered to be the messenger to Tsait-kopta, to the surprise of all Ton-ke-a-bau at once and strenuously opposed it.

"No," he said, "no, *you* must not go. There has been trouble enough already."

They thought he referred to his own mishap and to the fact that should anything of a similar nature befall Chi-co-la, it would bring additional care and trial upon this kind household.

By Chi-co-la alone were Ton-ke-a-bau's words fully understood.

It was finally arranged that San-ka-do-ta and a young companion should be sent.

When the message from the chief came back, great was the disturbance of mind it caused. For, as has been intimated, he did not credit the story of Ton-ke-a-bau's wounding. He believed it was a ruse, and that the boy was detained as a hostage by the people of the village.

For some reason the old chief was fiercely attached to the boy. It had been remarked by many that he had a feeling

of uneasiness whenever the lad was away from him, as though he feared harm would befall him. Of late, especially, he had been guarding him with a jealous eye. Why, under the circumstances, he had chosen him as a messenger to the fort was, like some of the other acts of the old chief, unexplainable. Perhaps he had sent him because he felt that the white people would give more heed to him than they would to one of the distrusted Westo tribe. Being of their own race, too, they would not dare deal dishonorably with him.

Tsait-kopta demanded two things of the Dorchester colony: an answer to the message sent by Ton-ke-a-bau, and the immediate surrender of the messenger.

With the first the colonists sent compliance, for the message carved on bark, and interpreted by Chi-co-la, had now been turned over by Ton-ke-a-bau to Captain Gabriel.

Many times the boy had been on the point of doing this when first brought to the village, but always his hand had been stayed by the belief that it was something that would give great pain to the hearts of his true friends. Now that he had been taken into one of the homes of the settlement, and was being cared for in this beautiful way, how could he be the means of dealing this blow? But the most disturbing thought of all to him was of the danger that threatened these innocent people; for he had reason to believe that Tsait-kopta was preparing to make an attack upon them. He told his fears to Chi-co-la, and we have seen how promptly the latter acted.

With the second request of Tsait-kopta the colonists declared they could not comply, as the lad was in such condition from his wound that to send him on the journey now might prove fatal. Humanity, if

naught else, demanded that he should not be subjected to this.

When the chief returned answer, declaring that he did not believe the boy was wounded, they suggested that he send to the village those who could see for themselves and assure him of the fact. This he refused to do, asserting that it was a trap, and that the treacherous whites would seize his men as they had seized his son.

These events had covered the space of five days. The dawning of the morrow brought the sixth one since Ton-ke-a-bau had been received into the house of the Blews. It brought, too, a day the experiences of which never faded from Betty's memory. Could she cease to remember while life lasted even the smallest occurrence of that terrible day?

Betty, Aunt Joan, and the Beautiful were in the room with Ton-ke-a-bau. He

was sitting up, for the first time, in bed, propped by the pillows.

He felt so much better now, he said to them, that he believed he would be able in two or three days to be carried back to the Westo village. Chief Tsait-kopta must be very angry by this time, and Ton-ke-a-bau feared to enrage him further by remaining any longer than could be helped.

“No, lad,” said the Beautiful, positively, “you must not think of going until you are fully able.”

“No, no,” repeated Betty, “you must not, Ton-ke-a-bau, till Captain Gabriel and the elder say you may.”

Her eyes had suddenly dimmed. Betty looked suspiciously near to tears. How she would miss Ton-ke-a-bau when he went away!

“I have been a great trouble,” said Ton-ke-a-bau, wistfully, looking from the

Beautiful to Aunt Joan, "to you, dear lady, and to you, kind mistress."

"So good a lad deserves all that could be done for him," replied Aunt Joan, a smile so sweet upon her lips it made Ton-ke-a-bau feel as though a ray of sunshine had darted straight through his heart.

"And so brave a one, our gratitude always," added the Beautiful.

She took the hand lying upon the coverlid, pressing it between her own, and then indeed it seemed to Ton-ke-a-bau as though a whole sun shone upon him.

Chi-co-la, too, was in the room. He stood leaning against the wall at the foot of the bed. Whenever he could do so unobserved, he fixed his eyes with intent gaze upon Mrs. Blew. He seemed trying to read her thought from the expression of her face. Once his lips opened with speech for her.

"Mistress," he said, "Chi-co-la must —"

But she did not hear him, and he made no further effort of this kind. It was as though he had lost the courage with which he began.

However, as she took Ton-ke-a-bau's hand between her own, Chi-co-la, as though unable longer to control himself, made sudden movement toward her.

At that moment a gun fired, followed by a loud shout, then many shouts intermingled.

"Oh, what was that, Beautiful?" cried Betty.

"A gun from the fort," replied her mother, quickly rising.

"Now they are shouting," added Aunt Joan. "Oh, I fear me something terrible is happening!"

They were pressing toward the little window that looked out upon the fort, when Mr. Blew hastily entered, and behind him San-ka-do-ta.

“It is bad news I bring; but be calm, dear ones. We are attacked by the Westoes, and all must hasten to the fort. No time is to be lost, as we cannot tell how soon the Indians will be over the fortifications and into the village. Squads of our men are now seeking to hold them at bay till all in the houses have safely reached the fort.”

“But the lad,” cried the Beautiful, quickly, as her gaze was directed toward Ton-ke-a-bau. “What is to be done about the lad?”

“I came prepared for that. Here is Sanka-do-ta, and I have sent Charles for Simon. The boy must be carried in one of the blankets. Make ready, Chi-co-la.”

“Chi-co-la hear,” replied the red man, heartily.

At that moment Charles and Simon Dale appeared, quickly followed by Caroline and Miranda Welch.

“Oh, father!” cried Caroline, as she sprang toward him and grasped him by the arm. “Is it true that the Indians have attacked the village?”

“Do you not hear them yourself, my daughter?”

“Yes, father. Oh, what horrible shouts! But I thought Charles was surely mistaken, and that it was some noisy feast or dance they were having. What shall we do, father?”

“Be as brave as we can, each one of us, from Dinkie up,” he replied promptly, as he reached downward to lay his hand upon the little one’s head. “Yes, be brave, and strive to reach the fort,” he repeated, “with all the speed possible.”

“We are ready,” said the Beautiful, calmly.

“Are all here?”

“Yes, Philip; every one, I am thankful to say.”

"Be careful of the lad, of all things," said Mr. Blew to those who were preparing to lift Ton-ke-a-bau.

"Master, master," entreated the lad, "leave me. I am not afraid. They will not harm me. It will delay you so to take the time to carry me. Oh, let me stay, I beg."

"Speak no further words of such nature, lad. They are useless. Naught that you could say would induce us to leave you here."

"Father," cried Betty, "oh, I *must* go and get Prince Clarence. I just could not leave him behind. He would not know what it meant when he found us all gone, and he would grieve so for me. Oh," she added hastily, "where is Winks?"

A sharp bark answered her, for the dog had just appeared in response to a whistle from Charles.

The shouts had greatly increased by this

time. There was, too, continued firing. Not only had the muskets sounded, but there was the boom of cannon from the fort.

As they reached the yard, arrows were already falling within the enclosure.

In vain Mr. Blew urged his wife and Aunt Joan to hasten on with Caroline, Miranda, and the children to the fort. He felt that he must remain with the men who bore the wounded lad.

“Entreat me not thus, Philip,” his brave wife made reply. “Whatever of danger there is to you we, too, must share it.”

This also said Aunt Joan.

The whole village was now in a panic. Women, children, and men were issuing from the houses on all sides.

“Look,” cried Charles. “Oh, I fear me some of us will be caught and slain.”

They turned in the direction indicated. What they saw made their hearts beat many times faster.

A score or more of the Indians had succeeded in reaching the top of the west line of fortifications ; and though the squad of soldiers was making heroic effort to press them back, it was only too evident that they would soon be far outnumbered.

Even as the Blews looked the captain of the squad, realizing how great was the odds against him, and wishing not to sacrifice his men needlessly, gave the command to fall back toward the fort.

Two-thirds of the people had now safely reached the fort, but the chances of like safety seemed unmistakably against the other portion, among this number the Blews.

All were hovering about the litter containing the wounded lad. Mr. Blew was urging caution while inciting them to swifter movement. His wife and Aunt Joan remained with him. The children were a few paces in advance. Winks ran

ahead, barking furiously. He saw the danger and begged them to hurry more. He even gained the door of the fort, but ran back to them again. Faithful Winks did not care to find safety himself while his loved ones were in danger.

“Leave me,” entreated Ton-ke-a-bau again. “Oh, leave me, dear friends, and save yourselves.”

“Nay, lad,” replied Mr. Blew. “To leave you here would mean death.”

Through all this time Betty had clung to Prince Clarence. He was now coddled in her arms, though to hold herself in this position was to have less freedom of movement.

Shame to say, Prince Clarence was giving his little mistress much trouble. For he had strongly objected to what he deemed the rude way in which he had been snatched up, and now this rapid flight amid all these disturbing sounds

was not at all to his liking. So he struggled to be free again. At the most critical point in this race for life, just as it seemed the savages would surely be upon them ere they could reach the entrance to the fort, Prince Clarence succeeded in getting himself away from Betty's clasp. With a thud he struck the ground, and began crawling away as fast as ever he could.

"Leave him alone, Betty!" cried Mr. Blew. "Let him go! My child, you *must not!*"

But here he seized her, and amid confusion and shouts, and the rush all about them of men contending, Betty felt herself swept onward, her father still grasping her.

In a few moments more she was within the fort, and with a clang the great iron doors had swung together. Not a moment too soon. For the brave soldiers who

had lingered to the last moment in order to shield the flight of women and children were barely within the walls when the foremost of the Westoes hurled themselves against the closing doors.

As Betty looked around, her heart swelled with thankfulness, for father, mother, Aunt Joan, and all were there in safety.

But a sob was in her throat as she thought of Prince Clarence.

CONCLUSION

THE howling savages tried by every means in their power to reach the people sheltered within the fort.

Thwarted in this, it seemed that they would next attack the village, burning and pillaging. But not so. It was the lives of the colonists they wanted more than aught else. No doubt, when this savage desire was satisfied, they would turn their attention to the village.

The Indians continued to swarm upon the fort, howling and chanting their war-songs. Again and again they strove to scale the walls; but each time were beaten back by the brave sentries.

They tried next to set the fort on fire by sending burning arrows within the

enclosure, but, as the structure had been prepared with a view to just such an occurrence, the blazing missiles did no harm.

As all danger was now past of firing upon those fleeing to the fort for safety, the musketry began to play with deadly effect upon the savages. They were astonished by the suddenness and force of the volleys. Those who had entered the village by the west wall fell back in disorder. They seemed on the point of fleeing, but were rallied by a tall man whose waving plumes and glittering regalia proclaimed him a chief.

He harangued them, making wild gestures as he did so. He was urging them to return. Unmindful of the bullets that swept past him, or the men who were falling about him, he stood his ground, persuading, threatening. At last he had them formed into a phalanx for a charge.

They came rushing back, howling and screeching like so many demons, a great beam borne in their midst, which they no doubt intended to use as a battering ram, hoping thus to force the gates.

But now another storm of musketry greeted them. Many fell, and among them the chief. The others fled in wild disorder. A moment or so thereafter the chief was seen to rise, and to attempt to crawl away. He reached an angle of one of the dwellings. There he seemed suddenly to lose strength, falling prostrate.

All the Indians able to do so had now disappeared from within the enclosure. They had no fancy to be raked again by that deadly fire from the fort while penned within the barricades. Apparently they were unaware that their chief had fallen. Joining themselves to those without, they had renewed the attack from the direction of the river.

Chi-co-la, who, with San-ka-do-ta, had climbed to one of the bastions, and was now watching in great excitement the progress of the battle, was considerably overcome by the sight of the tall chief in front of his men. When the chief fell he could hardly contain himself. He did not do so long.

“Go! go! Chi-co-la *must go!*” he cried.

Ere one of those present had an inkling of his intention, he was out on the wall, then scrambling down it, and calling loudly to San-ka-do-ta to follow him.

Five minutes later they appeared at the great door of the fort half dragging, half supporting, the wounded chief between them.

Some of the Indians had now seen them, and, recognizing Tsait-kopta, were clambering over the fortifications in the effort to reach them. They had no fancy to see their chief thus dragged into captivity.

Chi-co-la hammered frantically at the door, begging admittance, and it was opened none too soon. The space of only a moment more, and the enraged Indians would have fallen upon the bold captors of their chief.

On into the great hall, thronged with women and children and old men, they bore Tsait-kopta, laying him upon a blanket near to Ton-ke-a-bau, and almost at the feet of Betty—Betty sitting in mournful silence thinking of Prince Clarence.

But so soon as she saw the wounded chief, her heart was touched with pity. She knew that he was suffering, for his face was drawn with pain.

“Poor chief! poor chief!” said Betty, “I am so sorry for you.”

He did not understand the words, but he did the language of the pitying eyes bent upon him. His own fierce eyes

grew softer as he looked at the little girl.

Betty leaned nearer to put her hand gently on his. Somehow she felt that the kindly touch would help him. And now a wonderful thing happened.

As Betty leaned toward the chief, speaking to him again, there was a stir beneath his clothing, then increased movement as of a small live creature in commotion. The next moment a little round head with glittering eyes was poked out, and then, as a scream of delight rang out from Betty, forth came Prince Clarence, his beadlike eyes shining upon his mistress, his little stump of a tail wriggling in the most violent delight.

As the chief had lain wounded, the terrapin had recognized him — for it had been raised in the home of Tsait-kopta — and had crawled to him. Perhaps he had seen it first, and called to it. At any

rate, it had gone to him, and, establishing itself under the folds of his clothing, had remained there till Betty's voice called her pet forth again. Such a meeting as took place then between Prince Clarence and his mistress.

Ever since he had been brought into the fort Tsait-kopta's eyes had been wandering from side to side, as though in eager search. The place being crowded, his vision was limited to those immediately about him.

Recognizing the quest, Mr. Blew leaned over him to ask a question. Ere he could do so, the chief spoke a name. It was Ton-ke-a-bau.

They brought the lad and laid him close beside the chief. As they noted the expression with which he fastened his eyes upon the boy's face, they saw how great was the love he bore him.

Surprise, regret, alarm—all these were

in the look, too, with which he regarded Ton-ke-a-bau. For he could now no longer doubt the story of the lad's wounding.

With difficulty he turned himself and began murmuring words to the boy. Evidently the fierce old chief was all broken up by the events that had occurred. Perhaps, too, he realized that his end might be near.

The boy extended his hand with answering words. His voice was very low and tender.

As he turned himself, the wound in the chief's side began to bleed anew. Noting the fresh stains that soon appeared upon his clothing, Mrs. Blew, speaking some words to Aunt Joan, came quickly forward. She approached her husband, calling his attention to the danger.

"Let us do what we can for him, Philip," she said. "There is no one else, unless

Captain Gabriel, the elder, or Chi-co-la were here."

For Chi-co-la, so soon as he had brought the chief in, had disappeared. He was nearer now, however, than she thought.

"I will persuade him to let me open his clothing, Philip," Mrs. Blew said again, and indicating the chief. "I have my scissors here. We may then be able to stanch the blood and bind the wound. The poor creature ought to have attention."

But as she bent toward the chief, to her great surprise, Chi-co-la, appearing, sought to prevent her.

"Don't touch! don't touch!" he said. "No fit! No fit for *you*! for YOU!"

He kept repeating the last words, emphasizing them more and more, and there was such a strange look upon his face that Mrs. Blew involuntarily drew away from him and toward her husband.

"Why must I not touch him?" she found

voice to say. "Surely you do not think he will hurt me?"

Almost in the same breath she answered her own question.

"I am sure he will not. For shame, Chi-co-la, do you not see his desperate strait?"

"I think you misunderstand Chi-co-la, Lorinda," said her husband. "He means it will be no fit sight for your eye. Let Chi-co-la himself attend to the wound. He is the one."

But Chi-co-la made no movement to do this. Instead, he stood there muttering, while his face worked strangely as he looked down upon the prostrate chief.

The latter returned the gaze. His eyes, too, glittered; but to Mr. Blew, who regarded him closely, there seemed only despair in the gaze.

"Chi-co-la," said Mr. Blew, "the chief is bleeding steadily. At this rate his

strength will soon be sapped. Why do you not aid him?"

Compelled by the voice and eye of the man he regarded with deeper feeling than any other, Chi-co-la dropped upon one knee beside the chief and began his search for the wound. All the while he held his face averted from the eyes of the chief.

As Chi-co-la sought to open the breast of the buckskin shirt, the chief made sudden effort to stay his hand. But it proved no more than an effort because of his weakness. Noting the movement, a strange fire leaped to Chi-co-la's eyes, and he made greater haste to get his hands within the bosom of the shirt.

The chief groaned and shut his eyes, realizing his helplessness.

Suddenly Chi-co-la sprang up. His face was working as that of one struggling with deep emotion.

Something there was in his hand which

he had taken from the bosom of the chief's shirt, but no one could see just then what it was.

He approached Mr. and Mrs. Blew, still standing together, and regarding with surprise the scene before them.

What ailed Chi-co-la? What did his strange actions mean? These were the questions they kept asking themselves.

"Undo! undo!" cried Chi-co-la as he came nearer. "Chi-co-la *will* undo."

He dropped upon his knees before them, but he did not look up. Instead his head was bent downward, as though in shame or terror. His limbs trembled.

"Take, mistress, take; then Chi-co-la tell — *all*."

He extended his hand toward her, still clasping that which he had removed from the bosom of the chief's shirt.

She reached to get it. As she was trembling almost as much as Chi-co-la, the articles

dropped away from her fingers and fell in a little soft heap at her feet. But as they fell they opened, so that now they lay spread out before her.

She bent toward them, but her eye had no more than rested upon them when with a piercing cry she reached for her husband's arm, and drew him down beside her.

"Look, Philip!" she cried. "Look! look! Oh, Edward! *Edward!*"

It was no wonder that she had thus cried out, or that she now continued to exclaim with frantic vehemence. For the articles lying before her were a child's lace collar exquisitely wrought and a handkerchief of softest, finest silk. Each was worked with the monogram "E. B.," and each had been on her little Edward that ever-to-be-remembered day when they had looked their last upon him on the wharf at Charles Town. There was no mistaking either article. The collar was her own handiwork, the

kerchief she had knotted about the child's throat only a short while before his disappearance, because of the stiff, raw breeze from the sea.

“Chi-co-la undo,” repeated the Indian. “Chi-co-la steal pale-face woman's child, because hate white people. Want to see suffer. Carry to Tsait-kopta. He keep little while, then want to make bargain with Chi-co-la. Boy look like pale-face squaw of Tsait-kopta that dead. He love boy. He want boy. Chi-co-la want boy, too, after a while. No make bargain with Tsait-kopta. Want boy back. Then chief slip away. Take boy. Chi-co-la no find till long time. Chi-co-la mad. Have big quarrel with chief. Chief drive Chi-co-la off. Chi-co-la go to bad. Get poor. Want things. Then take what chief give for boy.

“At last Chi-co-la meet white man, father of boy. Know white man right

away. White man know not Chi-co-la. White man great friend to Chi-co-la. Get Chi-co-la heart. Make Chi-co-la sorry. Want to undo. Go to chief. Try to get boy to give back to father. Chief more mad than ever. Love boy hard. Can't give up. Say will kill boy if Chi-co-la give back to white father. Even hide clothes, keep Chi-co-la from showing father. Love boy so, carry part in shirt. Chi-co-la see."

But the heart of the mother could bear no more. Already the truth was beginning to break upon her.

"Oh, Philip!" she cried. "Oh, Philip, *can* it be?"

Her gaze went past Chi-co-la, past the heads of the people gathered around, on and down, until it rested upon the wan face of Ton-ke-a-bau as he lay beside the chief. He, too, had heard Chi-co-la's story. He, too, had lifted wondering eyes to the excited Indian from the moment he had

begun. As Mrs. Blew's glance went swiftly to Ton-ke-a-bau, she met his own startled gaze.

Chi-co-la sprang up at the mother's cry.

"Mistress! mistress!" he exclaimed. "Me see *you* know! Chi-co-la need tell no more. Ton-ke-a-bau the child of pale-face lady. Chief tell wrong story 'bout parents, so as boy not try find when grow big. Oh, mistress! oh, master! forgive poor Chi-co-la!"

But they did not then heed his plea.

Father and mother had sprung to embrace their long-lost boy. Aunt Joan, Caroline, Charles, and Betty, too, had gathered about him. Kisses, caresses, words of endearment, were showered in their wealth upon him.

"So you are our long-lost brother, Edward," cried Betty. "Oh, now I know why I loved you from the first."

Even Winks seemed to understand, and capered about in his joy.

You must not think that during this time poor Chief Tsait-kopta had been forgotten. Seeing the parents occupied with their boy, Chi-co-la had turned with glistening eyes to the chief. In a short while his wounds had been cleansed and dressed. Nor did Chi-co-la go without his forgiveness, nor Tsait-kopta either. For the latter, conquered by the kindness of the white people, bestowed upon him during the illness that followed, besought humbly that his wrongdoing should no more be treasured against him, and his pardon came full and free.

In the midst of the rejoicing over Tonke-a-bau Captain Gabriel appeared among them with the glad news that the Indians had been completely routed and peace again prevailed.

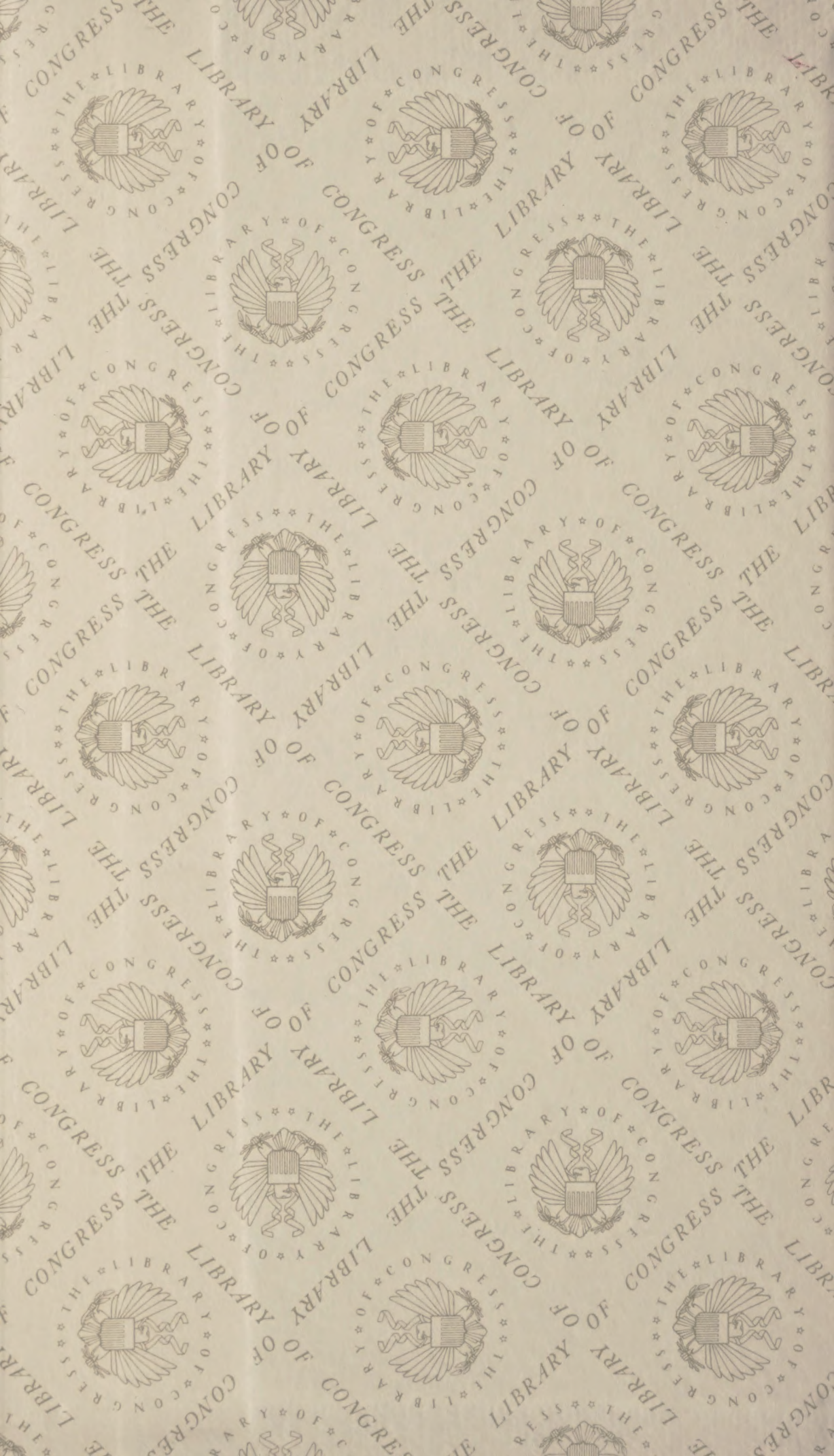
How astonished he was to hear that Tonke-a-bau, or Edward, as we must now call him, was the long-missing son of his friends. How deeply, too, he entered into their joy

at his restoration. He had learned to regard the boy very kindly. He had often addressed him as "my dear lad." A month later he called him "my dear nephew," for, do you see, the big, brave captain had married Aunt Joan.

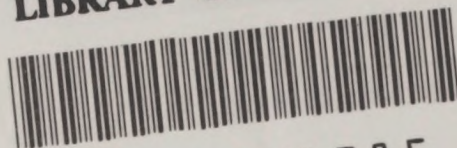
The happiest one at the wedding, outside the captain and Aunt Joan themselves, was, as you can easily guess, our little Betty Blew.

Now we must say good-by to her. Perhaps we'll meet her again, but then I think she'll no longer be *little* Betty Blew, but a fine, well-grown young maid. Then we'll know her as "A Lass of Dorchester."





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00024831085